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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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For the National Era.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEW ENGLAND GIRL.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

She half rose as she spoke, and Miss Annesley said, hastily—

"Don't mistake me, Cousin Lloyd. I am indeed truly grateful for your countenance and assistance in this business. You allow your self-reproach to weigh upon you too heavily. Lina has been a good and faithful girl—— and—these charges—I know not what to make of them!"

Miss Annesley looked really distressed, glancing from Semiramis, who had again resumed her seat, to me; but before I could take the subject into my own hands, and ask what "charges," the latter said, with a slight smile of contempt—

"If so good and faithful, she should be also truthful; and she may be able to convince us that it is quite right and fitting that the person whom *I* introduced and recommended as the companion of Miss Anne Annesley, should steal away from the house, and frequent the lowest and most infamous dens in the city, in company with drunken sailors and Irish vagabonds; that she should leave her place without permission, and go travelling about the country with this same disreputable set."

The tone, so hard and ironical at first, was replete concentrated scorn and anger when she ceased. My conduct had cast an imputation on *her* judgment—a sin beyond redemption with Mrs. Lloyd; but, nothing daunted by the tone or this knowledge, I said, firmly—

"If she cannot make it right and fitting, she will at least not deny the truth. To *one* such place, perhaps two, she has been."

There was a grim smile of triumph on Mrs. Lloyd's face, nothing more nor less than a reflection from that feeling which, in natures like hers, rejoices to see their opinions corroborated, even though they bring evil to others; and a glance of surprise, disappointment, not unmixed with anger, from my mistress; but I was too much in earnest to heed them.

"Not from any improper motives or tastes of her own, but to help those whom she was bound in justice and duty to assist. So much of the charge is true. That which regards the character of my companions—one, the nurse which Mr. Annesley selected for me in my illness—the other, the friend of my childhood, an old man, and an honest man—it is falsehood itself!"

"Will you tell me why you went to such places, Miss Ray?" said my mistress, folding her arms, with a look of wounded dignity.

"To seek some tidings of that old man's niece, the playmate of my childhood, ma'am."

"Who had been for months the mistress of a married man," interposed Mrs. Lloyd.

"No," I said, indignantly. "She believed herself his lawful wife, and the knowledge that she was not, crazed her brain, and broke her heart. The week I went from here, we laid her in her grave, pure, and innocent, and stainless, as your own daughters, Mrs. Lloyd! It was the sorrow of that broken-hearted old man, who had been a father to her from her babyhood, that kept me from my duty here so long, as I told my mistress in the letter I sent," I added, trying to choke back the tears.

"Did you write, Miss Ray?" asked my mistress.

"I did, begging you to pardon my prolonged absence, ma'am."

"I never received such a letter. Had it reached me, it might have explained the motives of your conduct—not *excused* its impropriety in a young unmarried female; and one, as Mrs. Lloyd justly observes, holding such an intimate relationship to me. That is, I regret to say, inexcusable."

It was not Miss Annesley that spoke in that grave, severe tone, but the family pride of all the extinct generations of the Annesleys. It was her one foible, and I forgave it.

"I have never been aware until within a few days," she went on, "of the circumstances under which Mrs. Lloyd engaged you. She was kind enough to take you on a week's trial, and your recent conduct has pained her exceedingly. I need not say what a shock it has been to me"—here the woman began to break through that hard ancestral shell—"I confess I had become really attached to you. Oh, why could you not drop these questionable people, Lina? Or, why did you not consult me?"

Her tone touched me, and I answered, hurriedly—

"I could not; there were reasons, circumstances, I was not free to explain; indeed, I could not, Miss Annesley!"

"Then," she began trying in vain to speak severely, "that must be true which we have heard hinted—that you have imposed upon us all, and are not what you seem. I say *hinted,* for the person who spoke of this was too delicate and generous to betray you, or do more than express a very natural surprise at seeing you here, and learning you went by a name which he felt sure you, yourself, would not deny, was false. Is this true, Lina?"

"It is!" Even Miss Lloyd looked up from the copy of Blackwood she had been affecting to turn over, at this blunt avowal. "But," I went on, "the name of Ray is a mistake of Mrs. Lloyd's. She persisted in calling me by that name; and, as it suited me as well as another, I have continued to bear it."

"What unparalleled impudence! Dear Cousin Anne, will you ever forgive me for bringing this person into your house? Julia, my love"——

"Excuse me, ma'ma!" interrupted the young lady, yawningly, "I protest against being mixed up in this ridiculous farce. Really, for ladies of your *sagesse* and experience, you seem to be making quite a chapter, *a la Radcliffe,* of what seems to me to be a very simple affair. This person, Ray, or whatever she may be called," with a careless glance at me, "has the tastes and sympathies of her class—an inherent liking for low-bred, vulgar society. It is natural, I suppose; for neither the advantages of education, nor refined society, can keep it from breaking out, at times, as you well know, ma'ma. We had a fair trial with my governess, I'm sure. Therefore, if Cousin Anne does not wish to be brought in contact with *le canaille* of the city, she must dismiss her at once. Though, let me assure you, dear Cousin, you will probably gain nothing by changing her for one with a dozen testimonials of character. It's but a choice of evils."

"It may be so, Julia," said Miss Annesley, sadly, "but Lina has so much natural refinement, I thought"——she interrupted herself, and, rising, came toward me, saying, earnestly, "If I could only understand all this. Child, will you tell me your real name?"

My knees trembled, and the words rose to my lips, at the sight of her sad, anxious, perturbed face, and the thought of its being turned away from me forever; but I remembered the Lloyds. I would not, *could* not, tell it, under their haughty, incredulous eyes, and I answered, faintly, "No!"

She came forward, placed a roll of bills in my hand, which, from its size, I suspected amounted to much more than the small sum due me, saying—

"Such persistence in concealment and mystery argues something wrong, especially in one so young. I feel that I ought not to abet it, and the relation between us must cease. There you will find the wages due you, and a trifle more, for I could not rest in peace if I thought you were suffering from want."

She did not withdraw the hand I took, and, pressing it to my lips, I replied—

"I can take gifts from only those who love or trust me, Miss Annesley; therefore I can take from you only my wages. Have no fear for me. The same noble old sailor, of whom Mrs. Lloyd has spoke so contemptuously, will give me food and shelter until I can find employment."

Miss Julia Lloyd arose. "Really, Cousin Anne—ma'ma, if you are going into heroics, you must excuse me. I have no taste for such things, unless, indeed, there were some one present to join in the mirth they provoke. If Mr. Annesley were only here"——

"I wish he was!" eagerly interrupted Miss Annesley.

"Thank you, fair ladies!" exclaimed a voice that thrilled every nerve in my body. "The man that meets such wishes on his threshold may count himself happy, and I certainly am nearly so!"

The door, which was partly open, was flung back, and Mr. Annesley advanced into the room. Miss Julia came forward with a heightened color and a proud smile to greet him. He seemed in no hurry for their congratulations, but, bowing gravely, walked to the fire, and, leaning one elbow on the mantel, looked around the room, with a quick, curious glance. I felt rather than caught his eye, for it was instantly withdrawn, and he remarked, carelessly—

"It is well to be a listener sometimes, in spite of the old adage; for if I had not overheard your wish for my presence, ladies, I should deem myself an intruder on some solemn conclave, met, perchance, to discuss some vexed point in feminine ethics, and expect the just indignation of the gods for my presumption. But, in virtue of that wish, may I ask in what my masculine wisdom may aid you?"

Miss Lloyd made a grimace, expressive of weariness and disgust; but my mistress burst into tears, sobbing—

"O, Ralph! I have been so cruelly deceived by that girl there! You know how I trusted her!"

"Deceived is a hard word, Cousin Anne. What has the girl done? Broken another porcelain vase?" he asked, gravely.

Before Miss Annesley could reply, Mrs. Lloyd interposed, in her most inflated tones.

"It is no subject for jesting, let me assure you, Mr. Annesley. The girl has disgraced, not only herself, but her mistress, to say nothing of myself, sir, who introduced her to this place, and in some measure stood surety for her good conduct. Lost to all sense of shame, she has not only associated with the most ill-bred, low, vulgar people, but has absolutely frequented, in their company, some of the worst places in the city. Our dear Cousin Anne is too sensitive to deal with the lower classes"—with a glance of commiseration towards her—"it is always repulsive to a refined mind; but duty is duty, Mr. Annesley, and must be met!"

It was hard to keep down the burning words that struggled for utterance; but I *did* do it, waiting in a kind of agony of hope and fear for his next words.

They came, after a moment's silence, during which his face, still turned from me, was as unreadable as that of the Sphynx.

"Very true, Mrs. Lloyd. But what reasons does the young lady give in excuse for such conduct?"

"Oh, the usual ones—disinterested generosity. Some worthless associate in trouble! These people have a multitude of reasons, always; but you and I know the world, Mr. Annesley!"

"Cousin Lloyd, you forget that she says these people were kind to her in her childhood!" interposed my mistress.

"No indeed, Anne; I would have no one ungrateful. But when we condescended to take her in hand, we took her quite out of that low set, and her first duty was to *us.* She should have remembered that the injury the mere contact with such people would bring her, would more than counterbalance any favors they could ever have bestowed. People should use reason. She should have quietly dropped them. That is very clear, I think, Mr. Annesley?"

He bowed gravely.

"Certainly; a very lucid statement of the wisdom of our times; and I was thinking, at that moment, how ill-bred, not to say unreasonable and short-sighted, was a certain historical personage, whose teachings have somehow contrived to get a pretty strong footing in the world. He not only associated with the poor and the outcast, the leper and the Magdalen, but actually sat down to eat with publicans and sinners. To be sure, he was only a mechanic, the son of a carpenter, a despised Nazarene; but you may have heard of him, Mrs. Lloyd—at Grace Church, on the Sabbath, if not elsewhere."

She could not but feel the mocking irony of that tone, through all its gravity; and her pillar-like neck and throat were swollen with offended pride, as she said, in a tone more measured than usual—

"We will not mix sacred things in an affair like this, if you please, Mr. Annesley. There are some things which gentlemen, especially those whose lives have been subject to the vicissitudes of foreign travel, can never rightly comprehend. I would only say that Miss Annesley and myself feel a very natural resentment at being thus imposed upon by a servant in whom we trusted—one who, by her own confession, is an impostor. Besides, we have learned from other sources. Julia, dear, will you"——

"Ma'ma! ma'ma! Do have some mercy on Mr. Annesley, if not on me!" cried Julia, laughing. "Here he has come home, after such a weary absence"—(he might have been the Man in the Iron Mask, for all the impression that look of languishing softness made on him)—"and you bore him to death with a trifle like this. The truth is," she went on, drawing nearer to him, and taking a position at the other corner of the grate, "that this girl has the tastes and habits of her class—and, like murder, they will out, at times. These not being quite in keeping with the refinement which has characterized the Annesleys for a score of generations, Cousin Anne has very properly dismissed her. Better join your entreaties to mine, ma'ma, and beg Mr. Annesley to forgive us the *faux pas* of introducing such a person beneath his roof!"

"There is no necessity, Miss Julia. *That* was done long ago!"

The words were for her, but the look was mine, and I stood firm, erect, and unshrinking.

He was silent a moment, during which time Mrs. Lloyd's look very plainly intimated that my presence was no longer necessary. I did not heed it, and Miss Annesley, observing this, said, turning to him—

"Cousin Ralph, Lina refuses to take aught but her wages. I wish you would talk with her, for I fear she may be driven to those low associations from want. She always seemed grateful for your kindness in her illness. Perhaps she will hear to you."

"Be at rest, Cousin; I will look after her," he returned, with a curious smile. "But first, I wish to say a few words to you, ladies, on my own affairs. You are all such kind friends, that I feel it not only a duty, but a pleasure, to speak with you on a subject which so nearly concerns me."

Turning round until he faced his listening auditors, he went on—

"Both yourself, Cousin Anne, and Mrs. Lloyd, have often striven to convince me that it was my duty to marry; and even Miss Julia, though she keeps so free of the fetters herself, and turns such a deaf ear to the sighs of her victims, thinks it not amiss for a man of 'my age and standing to settle.'"

He paused, and that queer, mischievous smile settled into an expression of deep, earnest feeling. I doubt whether he even noted Miss Lloyd's blush and self-conscious manner, for, looking straight in Miss Anne's surprised face, he added—

"There was little hope of my acting upon your kind advice at first, for I felt myself a world-wearied, pleasure-surfeited, worn-out man; what had I to offer in exchange for the love of a noble, pure woman?—and such I must have, if any; and, to tell the truth, there was still in my heart a dream of the possibility of there being such a thing, in spite of my general atheism in matters of the heart. But I mistook myself. I met one, in whose simple independence, frank truthfulness, *naive,* sagacious grace, my seared heart felt a strange charm. I studied her—there was no trace of the flatness and timidity, or the hardness and coarseness, which had so often disgusted me in my relations with other women. Have patience, ladies! I am on oath now, and must speak the truth. All was bright, serene, and clear; and her presence became to me as dew to the desert. New hopes, thoughts, and feelings, awoke—or, rather, old ones were conscious of a miraculous resurrection—I was a man again, with all a man's better hopes and joys before me. I feel that I love her, not with the prurient, fickle love of boyhood, but with all the strength and tenderness of a heart that has tried the world. I think, I believe, my feeling is returned."

He turned suddenly, and, coming to my side, whispered a word that made every vein to throb with tumultous joy. I answered by placing my hand in his, and he led me forward to Miss Annesley, saying, while his voice trembled with strange emotion—

"Cousin Anne, will you not receive and bless my bride!"

"Ralph! Ralph Saville!" stammered the lady, in utter amazement.

"Bride!" cried Mrs. Lloyd, indignantly rising to her feet. "You are carrying the joke too far, Mr. Annesley! It is beneath you to trifle thus with one like her!"

A dark frown knotted his forehead, and I felt the quick throbbing of his heart as, clasping me close to his side, he said, sternly—

"I do not joke, Mrs. Lloyd. It should be enough for you, that I take this trembling young girl to my heart, without a question of this absurd tale! She is poor and friendless—I care not. I can shelter her in my heart; and I will stake my life on her truth and innocence!"

Hastily, nervously, almost frantically, I broke from his clasp, and sank to his feet, crying—

"Forgive, forgive! It is true; I am not what I seem! I am Zerlina Day—the child you once found weeping on the bank! Agnes Lathrop's ward! Her whom you have sought so long!"

"Philip Cavendish's child!" As he bent over, and raised me again, his whole face gleamed with delight. "My Philip's child!"

"Ma'ma!" exclaimed Julia Lloyd, with a hysterical laugh, "this farce grows tiresome. Let us withdraw."

They swept out, but he did not seem to heed her words or departure; he was gazing into my face and eyes eagerly, muttering—

"'Tis the same—the same brow and mouth, and clear, deep-set eye!"

Then, almost lifting me to Miss Annesley's side, who sat watching him with amazement, he said, impetuously—

"Anne, will you not see the hand of God in this? This is Philip Cavendish's child, found now, when he is on his way home, after an absence of twenty years. This was what took me to England so suddenly. Will you not bless her as my wife?"

"Not only as your wife, Ralph, but as my own faithful friend, with whom I have been both hasty and unjust! Will you forgive me, dear?"

I kissed her hand, then, laying it on my head, she stood a moment, moving her lips voicelessly, while Mr. Annesley, withdrawing his arm from my waist, waited, with bowed head and clasped hands.

Then she glided from the room, and we were alone.

"Lina," he said, gathering me close to his heart, "you have doubtless sometimes thought me a strange being—irreverent, careless of serious things. I have been, to my shame, be it said; but of late the scales have fallen from my eyes. I begin to see how goodness and mercy have followed me all my days, not for any merit of my own, but through the mercy of a beneficent God. For the future, I will try to manifest my gratitude, by living a purer, better life than has hitherto been mine. You will give me all human aid, darling, and, for the rest, we will trust Him!"

"There comes that grave, enigmatical look once more! What does it portend, Lina? Are you thinking of your strange father? Are you anxious? Let it pass, dear; he is much such another mortal as myself, and will love you—one half as well!"

I was still sitting by his side, in the twilight of the library, when in the solemn silence that had followed a long talk of the past, and many explanations, with reference to Miss Agnes and my father, he put the above question.

"No, sir; I was wondering why you led me to believe you were going to marry Miss Lloyd."

"Let you believe, Lina, would be nearer the truth," he returned, laughing. "You seemed so bent upon giving me to her—I know you did not say it, but you looked it—that I might wish to revenge upon you, for putting such a slur on my good taste. Besides, you must know, most unsophisticated of Linas, that I am not only a very selfish, but a proud man. I would find whether you really loved me or not, and I only used the beautiful Julia just as she has used many others, as a gauge to measure my share in your heart. At thirty-nine, it would not do, much as I loved you, to be deceived again! What now?"

"Nothing, only men are very insignificant affairs, after all!"

"We will settle that question a year hence, if you please, dear!"

And, indeed, to judge by the muscular grasp that imprisoned me, and the close, impetuous caresses that silenced all reply, I had made a slight mistake.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We were married, reader, and our wedding tour was to the Cove, for Saville Annesley could not rest until he had clasped hands with Uncle Steve; then, taking leave of dear Miss Annesley, we sailed for Europe to meet my father, whose solitary heart seemed to revel in a silent atmosphere of joy, at the sight of his child and friend thus united. After an absence of six months, we began to yearn for home. It was strange as sweet to me to hear two cosmopolitan men talking so earnestly of home, and laying plans for the future.

After a brief winter in New York, we came out to Highcliff, which, with the exception of a few weeks in mid-summer and mid-winter, has become our permanent home. My father's return of course settled the succession of Rothsay Cavendish's estate; but, at my request, the Pines, with the exception of the pictures and a few such mementoes, was settled upon Edward Ellis, whose joy at finding me again, and sympathy with my happiness, was unmistakable. Mrs. Ellis is a helpless paralytic; but only last evening, I saw by the papers that James Sancroft, Esq., had been elected member of Congress from one of our latest-born Western States. This is fortunate, for the Lloyds are to spend the winter in Washington, I hear from Cousin Anne, (Aunt Anne now,) and it is always pleasant to meet old friends.

Every summer, we visit the Cove. My father, between whom and Uncle Steve a bond of sympathy as strong as it is silent seems to exist, has amused himself in erecting a summer residence on the bank above the old cabin, within the shadow of the majestic pine. It is a curious affair, half oriental in its construction and arrangements, but very comfortable, as we find when we join him after the summer heat begins to grow unendurable at Highcliff; for he spends most of the summer there, zealously pursuing the angler's quiet craft with Uncle Steve, or sitting with him on the bench or by the old cabin door in the evening, smoking silently until enveloped in clouds of their own making.

But when the children come, then there is a stir. There are lines to rig for Master Philip Rothsay, who boasts an age of four years—stories to be told of ma'ma's childhood—the wonderful picture of the "Dart," still hanging over the mantel-piece of the old cabin, to be exhibited—shells to be gathered for baby Ralph, albeit Uncle Steve's eyes grow so misty in the effort, that many a dingy pebble is brought in among them. He never plays at porpoises and kangaroos now. That part of the programme falls upon Saville Annesley, who would transform himself into any fabulous animal, however ridiculous, to please his idolized boys—and, to be honest, reader, his wife only loves him the better for his folly.

But, within the past year, there has been another added to our little ones—a small, quiet, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl of four years—the child of Agnes Lathrop, and her dying legacy to my husband and myself. Thus Mr. Tyler wrote, and as such we thankfully received her. She is very dear to us all, but Uncle Steve manifests, if possible, even a tenderer love for her than for my bold boys. My husband and I often speak of this to each other, with grateful hearts, as we watch him leading her about the beach, or lifting her so carefully over the rocks. Recent information of her father's marriage with the widow of a missionary has taken away our fear of losing her, and we hold her as entirely our own.

Of my married life, I need not speak. Where there is perfect union, there must be perfect accord. I am very happy. Reader, may a like blessing be thine!

THE END.

For the National Era.

ANEMONE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Beside a fading bank of snow,
A lovely Anemone grew.—PERCIVAL.

In sunny spots, through early spring-time flowering,
We find thee, pure and spotless as the snow,
Born of the April sun and April showering,
Weaving strange beauty on thy pearly brow.
Shy Anemone! lift up thy graceful head,
Beaded with dew, and shedding air of balm;
Where'er thou mak'st thy odor-breathing bed,
At morn and eve, and in the noon-day calm,
The love of beauty from thy life is shed.
The old mythology of vanished days
Telleth, fair flower, a mystic tale of *thee.*
A nymph wert thou of wondrous purity
Looked into love by ardent Zephyr's gaze;
But jealous Flora banished thee afar,
And changed thy form into a spring-time flower.
While fickle Zephyr sent thee from his bower,
To find a place in Boreas' wintry car!
His rude caresses chilled thy tender bosom,
And prematurely blighted thee, sweet blossom!
Ah! not for memories like *these* I love thee—
But I remember how my childish feet
Roamed through the meadow, breathing fragrance sweet,
And the deep azure sky bent clear above thee;
While heaped beside me, on my vernal seat,
Ye lay in odorous piles, O virgin flowers,
Making my joy complete in those enchanting hours!

LONDON GOSSIP.

Extracts from a London letter in the Tribune, from Bayard Taylor.

Mr. Sumner is here, at Maurigy's Hotel, in Regent street. I have not yet seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well. No American has ever been more popular in England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present floating on the top wave of London society. I heard the other day a good story of his arrival here. He entered his name upon the book as simply "Mr. Sumner, Boston," and was accordingly set down by the host and his flunkies as an ordinary traveller. The next morning, one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's room in some excitement, and said: "Lord Brougham is down stairs, sir, asking for you." To the waiter's amazement, Mr. S. quietly said, without exhibiting the least surprise: "Very well; show him up." Not long afterward the former came, still more excited: "Sir, the Lord Chief Justice has called, and he asks for *you!*" "Show him up," was again the cool reply. After his Lordship had departed, the waiter came once more, bewildered and a little aggravated: "Sir, *sir,* the *Lord Chancellor of England* has called to see you!" "Show him up," repeated Mr. S. These astonishing facts were no doubt at once communicated to the landlord, for the next day's *Morning Post* announced the arrival of "His Excellency the Honorable Mr. Sumner" at Maurigy's Hotel.

An anecdote which I heard in Sweden, and neglected to relate in its proper place, recurs to me here. It is too good to be lost. Last summer, an American, who was on a visit to St. Petersburg, happened to be walking in one of the narrow streets of that capital, one muddy day, when he suddenly met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two persons to pass, and the street was deep in filth. Both stopped, and a moment's awkward pause ensued. Suddenly the American, taking a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hands, and cried out: "Crown, or tail?" "Crown!" guessed the Grand Duke. "Your Highness has won," said the American, looking at the rouble, and stepping into the mud. His cuteness in saving his dignity, while he acknowledged the Grand Duke's, brought him an invitation the next day to dine with the latter—but this is as usual a termination of such stories, as a happy marriage is of a fashionable novel.

At a dinner-party the other day I met with Layard, and Kinglake, the author of "Eothen." The latter is a small, pale man, with blonde hair and moustache, and bluish-gray eyes. His manner is quiet and subdued, and only a few would guess his concealed capacity for enthusiastic feeling and courageous action. He has just entered Parliament, and broke down the other day, in his first speech—but it is a failure which only stimulates his friends to believe the more firmly in his future success. He is now writing a History of the Crimean War, all of which he saw, sharing its dangers with the same steady nerve which he opposed to the infection of the Plague, in Cairo. Layard is a man of forty, with a frank, open, energetic face, clear gray eyes, and hair prematurely gray about the temples. He has just astonished the artistic world by some very remarkable researches which he has been making in Italy during the past two years. Taking Vasari as his guide, he set off upon the hunt of the lost frescoes of Giotto and other painters of the Pre-Raphaelite period, and now brings back *seven hundred* tracings of works, the existence of which has been hitherto unknown. Some of these will shortly be published by the Arundel Society.

Last night, I heard Dickens read his "Christmas Carol" in St. Martin's Hall, to an audience so crowded and enthusiastic as to surprise the London reporters, though its equal in both these respects is a very common sight in America. His reading of the dialogue was wonderfully fine; in the narrative parts it had a smack of the stage, and a tendency to shrillness at the end of every phrase, which had a curious effect. Altogether, it was a complete success, and will be repeated again for the same charitable object—the benefit of Douglas Jerrold's widow. Dickens is now in his forty-fifth year, and Time is beginning to tell upon his exuberant locks, but his eye has all its old keenness and sparkle. "Little Dorrit," though acknowledged on all sides to be a great falling off from his previous stories, has had a more extensive sale than anything he has written, which proves the truth of a saying of old Sam. Rogers, that there is only one thing harder for a man to do than to write himself down; and that is, to write himself up.

Thackeray, the noblest Roman of them all, has been falsifying the charges of the rampantly-loyal Canadian papers, by giving his lectures on the Four Georges in all parts of the United Kingdom, and with the most gratifying success. It is cheering to see a man of his independence and honesty rewarded by such a sound and steady increase of popular respect and appreciation. His next novel, I will venture to say, will have at the outset a much larger circle of readers than his last. I have seen a few of the illustrations for it, which he intends making with his own hand, as in the case of "The Newcomes;" but, for the subject and character of the work, you must wait until the first number appears.

I spent two fortunate days last week at Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight, the residence of Tennyson. In the scenery round about the poet's residence, I recognised many lines of "Maud." He lives in a charming spot, looking out on one side, over the edges of the chalk cliffs, to

"The liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent, sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land;"

and on the other, across the blue channel of the Solent, to the far-off wavy line of the New Forest, on the northern horizon. Never shall I forget those golden hours spent with the noble poet and noble man, on the rolling, windy downs above the sea, and under the shade of his own ilex and elm!

Buchanan Read, who has just come hither from Rome to fulfill some painter's engagements, took me the other evening to visit Leigh Hunt—the sole, surviving star of that constellation which dawned upon the literature of England with the present century. The old poet lives in a neat little cottage in Hammersmith, quite alone, since the recent death of his wife. That dainty grace, which is the chief charm of his poetry, yet lives in his person and manners. He is seventy-three years old, but the effects of age are only physical; they have not touched that buoyant, joyous nature, which survives, in spite of sorrow and misfortune. His deep-set eyes still beam with a soft, cheerful, earnest light; his voice is gentle and musical, and his hair, although almost silver-white, falls in fine, silky locks, on both sides of his face. It was grateful to me to press the same palm which Keats and Shelley had so often clasped in friendly warmth, and to hear him, who knew them so well, speak of them as long-lost companions. He has curious collection of locks of the hair of poets, from Milton to Browning.

That thin tuft of brown, silky fibres, could it really have been shorn from Milton's head? I asked myself.

"Touch it," said Leigh Hunt, "and then you will have touched Milton's self."

"There is a life in hair, though it be dead," said I, as I did so, repeating a line from Hunt's own sonnet on this lock.

Shelley's hair was golden, and very soft; Keats's, a bright brown, curling in large Bacchic rings; Dr. Johnson's, gray, with a harsh and wiry feel; Dean Swift's, both brown and gray, but finer, denoting a more sensitive organization; and Charles Lamb's, reddish-brown, short and strong. I was delighted to hear Hunt speak of poems which he still designed to write, as if the age of verse should never cease with one in whom the faculty is born.

A VISIT TO HIRAM POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

His Later Works—The Statues of America, California and Webster—Washington Chiselled in Freemason's Attire.

Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.

FLORENCE, *June* 30, 1857.

Having just made Powers a visit at his studio, I propose to furnish a brief account of the artist and his previous works. The sculptor was found engaged at his task, dressed in a brown linen blouse and a straw hat. He is tall and well proportioned, of dark complexion, has brilliant black eyes, and a slight sprinkling of gray in his hair. He received our party very cordially, and kindly conducted us through his numerous rooms, pointing out the works regarded by him with special interest. The attention of the visiters was particularly attracted by a magnificent bust, entitled "Proserpine," of which the artist has received many orders for copies from England and the United States. There were exquisite busts of "Diana" and "Psyche," of remarkable beauty of design and execution. The well-known "Fisher-Boy" and "Greek Slave" next received attention.

The cast of Powers's statue of America, destined for the Federal Government, is much admired. The marble figure is finished, packed up, and is now stowed away in a neglected corner of the studio! It is greatly to be regretted that any misunderstanding exists respecting this noble work, for it should be placed in the Capitol of our country. The cast is superb. America is represented by a lovely female figure, partly draped, the right foot trampling on the chains of tyranny, a coronet of thirteen stars on her forehead, and, at her side, Union is portrayed by the old Roman fasces. The face is very expressive, and the attitude of the figure dignified and majestic.

Powers has recently made to order a good copy of the cast of Hon. Edward Everett's bust, that is intended for the Mercantile Library Association of Boston. I know it will be highly prized by the members, as a memento of a great benefactor of the institution, and also as the work of our gifted countryman. "California," the property of Mr. Astor, of New York, is nearly finished; it is a nude figure of a female, about seven feet high, with a very syren expression. In one hand she has a divining rod; and in the other, hidden behind her back, she holds a bunch of thorns—as much as to say, "all that glitters is not gold." At the side of the statue, a mass of rough quartz is represented. The face is quite charming; it is safe to predict that the statue will create a furore in New York.

The large bronzed figure of the immortal Webster, ordered by the citizens of Boston, is completed, and, after remaining on exhibition here for a short time, will be sent direct to the city of its destination. The head is grand.

The artist is now engaged upon a statue of Washington, in the dress of a Freemason, and with the insignia of the order. Its destination is Richmond, Virginia. Two copies of Canova's bust of Washington have been executed, to which Powers has added graceful drapery. Were I to furnish you with a list of the distinguished Americans whose busts adorn the studio, you would have a long catalogue of eminent personages. Our country may well be proud of the genius of Hiram Powers. He is indeed a genial, intelligent, and noble man; would that more of the Americans seen abroad had some of his many excellences of character.

TO BRING THE DROWNED TO LIFE.—To be cut out, and put up conspicuously in every house and shop near the river.

Immediately as the body is removed from the water, press the chest suddenly and forcibly downward and backward, and instantly discontinue the pressure. Repeat this violent interruption until a pair of common bellows can be procured. When obtained, introduce the muzzle well upon the base of the tongue. Surround the mouth with a towel or handkerchief, and close it. Direct a bystander to press firmly upon the projecting part of the neck, (called Adam's apple,) and use the bellows actively. Then press upon the chest to expel the air from the lungs, to imitate natural breathing. Continue this at least an hour, unless signs of natural breathing come on.

Wrap the body in blankets, place it near the fire, and do everything to preserve the natural warmth, as well as to impart a natural heat, if possible. Everything, however, is secondary to inflating the lungs. Send for a medical man immediately.

Avoid all frictions until respiration shall be in some degree restored.

VALENTINE MOTT,
Sur. Gen. of the American Shipwreck Society.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* relates a recent case, that must have been as discomfiting as the appearance of a five-barred gate at too short notice for a tallyho to take the leap:

"A clergyman in the vicinity of Auburn, N. Y., was lately suspected by his clerical brethren of preaching heresy. The Presbytery came together to investigate his case. The suspected brother asked that he might have the privilege of setting forth his views in a sermon, which was granted. The sermon was preached, and thereupon every member of the Presbytery proceeded to pronounce it heretical, and much of it absurd. After a whole day had been spent in condemning him and his sermon, the poor man arose, and, remarking that he saw they had come determined to find him guilty, said, 'I have a disclosure to make, which will be most painful to you. That sermon which I read to you was *Dr. Chalmers's thirty-second lecture on Romans!*' The Presbytery immediately adjourned *sine die.*"

For the National Era.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

"Good day," I said to thee, what time
The warm-breathed winds, from out their austere rest,
With gentle speed, and wheels of music chime,
Drove fast and far their white cloud steeds abreast,
Out of the warm southwest.

Upon thy cheek the tinted apple blooms
Shed timid glory, as when sunset dies;
And far behind thee, through the odorous glooms,
Flashed maple blossoms, and the violet eyes
Looked up in wild surprise.

Above thee bent the beautiful blue sky,
And past thee swept alternate light and shade;
Fairly around the greening meads did lie;
Behind thee sloped a sweet and mossy glade,
With light, like pearl, inlaid.

And then "good eve," when o'er the dewy lawn
The August moon, with ten-fold glories bright,
Sought out the forest secrets; and the floods
Rolled up against the shore broad sheets of light,
Glorious to mortal sight.

How fair was all the landscape, and how sweet
The golden atmosphere that hung above;
The fleecy clouds, neither too slow nor fleet,
Seemed with a calm delight ever to rove
Above the sacred grove.

We wandered down the glades, and saw the white
Still moonlight lie upon the forest green,
And tangled vines; and backward, full in sight,
The church, and village homes a-row, were seen,
With silent streets between.

And now "good night!" night that is almost morn;
Morn of the morrow, thou shalt be my bride;
The autumn morning, beauteous, and forlorn,
With gold and crimson over and beside
Where thou wilt walk, my pride.

There is no moon to-night, but far away
O'er sleepy fields, beside one starry light,
A slender tapering cloud of steady gray,
The old church spire towereth into the night,
Just fading from the sight.

The gentle breeze from the southwest blows sweet;
How clearly sound the distant city clocks;
The falling leaves drop faint, like ghostly feet;
And hear old ocean, with its muffled shocks,
Beat on the time-worn rocks!

"Good night!" "Good morn," for see yon floating gleam
Come leading on the brighter, fuller rays!
And hear that first faint bird-trill by the stream!
O, glorious morn, too beautiful for praise,
Morning of happier days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWITZERLAND.—A better illustration of the power of man to triumph over the obstacles which apparently doom him to an insignificant and indigent position in life, is not afforded in either hemisphere than is presented by the inhabitants of the thrifty and sturdy little republic of Switzerland. Unlike every other European country, she is entirely shut out from any direct participation in the benefits of the immense domain of waters which float the argosies of her more fortunate neighbors, and cast upon their shores the wealth of far-distant climes. Planted almost in the centre of Europe, no tempest-tossed waves dash themselves against her towering mountains, and the roar and the music of old ocean are sounds which the "free Switzer" never hears in the peaceful valleys of his Alpine home. Switzerland is apparently shut out from sympathy or connection with any nations except those whose territories touch her own. She is completely "land-locked," and possesses no "royal highway" to wealth. Yet her industrious and ingenious population have so applied themselves to various kinds of manufactures as to rival and even surpass their proudest and most successful compeers, and to send the products of their skill and industry all over the world, notwithstanding the raw material and the manufactured article are alike subjected to the expense of overland transportation for long distances.

Switzerland possesses a population of 2,390,000 souls, and an area of 15,261 square miles. In 1840 its foreign commerce amounted to about $85,500,000—a commerce equal to that of Belgium, with a population of 4,359,000; about one-half that of Austria, with a population of thirty-seven and a half millions; and about one-fifth that of France, with a population of thirty-seven millions. This shows an extraordinary degree of prosperity. Combined with the great influence which a free Government has upon the industrial pursuits of a people, to produce this result, are other causes. Being a mountainous country, covered, with snow six or eight months in the year, the inhabitants have recourse to in-door labor as a matter of necessity, while being surrounded by manufacturing nations naturally turns their thought to manufactures, and stimulates their emulation. The people, at once agriculturists and artisans, and naturally industrious, find ample scope for constant and profitable employment in these two occupations, and are thus enabled to live on moderate wages.

The Swiss tariff is very favorable on our principal staples. Grain of every kind, rice, and dried vegetables, pay a duty of 3 cents; salted provisions, lard, whalebone, and tobacco, 65 cents; whale oil, wool, ashes, resin, and tallow, 6 cents—each per 110½ pounds. The effect of this tariff is seen in the consumption of tobacco, an article from which Great Britain, France, and other countries, derive immense revenues, by high taxation. France, with a population of 36,000,000, received an annual average of 15,000,000 pounds of American tobacco during the years 1851'-2'-3, which gives five-twelfths of a pound to each person; Great Britain, with a population of 27,000,000, received an annual average, the same period, of 25,000,000 pounds, or nearly one pound per head; while Switzerland, with a population of 2,400,000, received more than 7,000,000 pounds, or nearly three pounds for each person.

The manufacture of cotton by Switzerland has increased with great rapidity. In 1830 the Republic had in operation 400,000 spindles; in 1840, 750,000; in 1850, 950,000; the number having doubled in twenty years. This progress in cotton manufacture is the more surprising, because of the heavy expense with which the raw material is burdened by transit tolls, before it reaches Switzerland. In 1851, the importation of cotton into Switzerland amounted to 27,035,725 pounds, of which about one-half was from this country. In 1853, the amount received from this country had reached about eighteen and one-half million pounds, and the cotton manufactures returned to the United States 5,265,150 pounds. We also receive from Switzerland large numbers of watches, besides silk goods, embroideries, cutlery, mathematical instruments, daguerreotype plates, manufacturers of leather, wool and hair, books, wines, cigars, and even *cheese.* The value of our importations from Switzerland last year amounted to $8,368.07. This is undoubtedly below the true amount, as the trade in Swiss watches, silks, and other merchandise, is indirect, in a great measure, being carried on at ports in England, France, and Bremen. The trade of Switzerland well illustrates her rapid progress. In 1787, the value of Swiss commerce to France was 20,000,000 francs; in 1855, it was 350,500,000 francs; and this year it will probably reach 400,000,000 francs. Since 1845, Switzerland has quite superseded, in the markets of Germany and Austria, the yarns of Great Britain.

The above facts display, in a striking manner, what can be accomplished where there exists a disposition in a people to make the most of the advantages Providence has allotted to them.—*Boston Journal.*

BUCHANAN AND WEBSTER.—Soon after the great expounder had discharged one of his heavy guns in the United States Senate, a gentleman was extolling him to Buchanan. "Yes," said the latter, "he is a great statesman, but no politician." The same individual met Mr. Webster a few days subsequently, and improved the occasion to elicit his opinion of the philosopher of Wheatland; and, singularly enough, he said of Buchanan—"He is a great politician, but no statesman."—*Boston Transcript.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.—A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says:

"A friend, now in Florence, gives the following account, in a recent letter, of a visit to the author of Aurora Leigh: 'I learned that the Brownings had returned, and were at their old quarters, "Casa Guidi." When I rang at the door, I learned with extreme regret that Mrs. Browning was suffering deep affliction from the loss of a relative. Mr. Browning, however, received me; and, at his suggestion, after the lapse of some weeks, I renewed my visit. Fancy to yourself an old palace drawing-room, hung with faded arms, furnished with black-oak carved furniture, book-cases of the same, carved, one might fancy, by Antony of Trent himself, and weighed down with ancient-looking books, many of them bound in parchment. Cinque Cento pictures, Giottos, with gold backgrounds, look down from the walls—and the whole air of the room is shady, dreamy, and poetic. Just as I was about to sit down, I heard a slight rustling, and Mr. B. said, "Here's Mrs. ——, dear"—pleasant, simple introduction! The long-wished-for moment had come, and I stood before the poet. She is a small, slight figure, and, as she stood by the side of her well-built husband, looked almost like another style of being—so spiritual, so pale, with her long, dark curls, and eyes full, dark, soft, and wonderfully expressive, in which the genius of the woman is clearly seen. She talked so kindly, and with such simplicity, that I really loved her, and was astonished to find that I had been with her an hour and a half. To my taste, Mrs. Browning is extremely lovely in appearance, in the tones of her voice, and in an inexpressible gentleness of manner. She spoke of her American friends with much feeling. Her child is a beautiful boy of eight summers, with long golden curls, and his mother's soft, large eyes; so fresh and unused to other boys, he looks as if he had just dropped from the skies.'"

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S GRAVE.—The cemetery where Douglas Jerrold lies is just the spot (observes the London *Leader*) he would have chosen for his last resting-place—a green and wooded knoll, surrounded with rich meadows, and within sight of the great world of action amongst whose noblest workers he had resolutely toiled for nearly half a century. The ocean roar of distant city life, which for years beat a fierce, tumultuous music on the brain and heart of the slumberer, melts around his grave to the inland murmur of a shell. He sleeps amidst the summer blooms and waving shadows that he loved. For you cannot help seeing in his writings, that, with the keenest relish of city life, Jerrold had a poet's fondness for wild flowers, green fields, rustic scenes, and fresh country air. Glimpses of the fair and smiling fields of Kent, of its trim hedgerows, "wayside cottages, with garden-strips of brimming flowers," often occur in his works, especially—and as a welcome relief to its gloomy pictures of city wretchedness, luxury, and crime, in his longest story, "St. Giles and St. James."

SUMMER FOOD.—When India was the California, or Australia, from which adventurers returned with wealth unmeasured, the comedies and novels had one stereotype character, the returned Nabob. He always came in at the denouement to make two lovers happy, with purses of rupees, and—the gout. The latter, he kept to himself; the former, threw about him with profuse generosity. But, with all his kindness, there was fury. He was peppery, curt, atrabilious, and ailing, and the benefits he dispensed he scattered with ungracious and contemptuous liberality. The comedy portrait was scarcely a caricature. For, carrying to India an Anglo-Saxon or Scotch appetite, the Briton devoured the grossest and heaviest food he could find, dark London Porter, XX and Scotch Ale, three X's, enough to astonish the throat of any but a human salamander. Heavy wines, brandies, and the Indian arrack, made the best of diluents, with which, under the languor of a tropical sun, he contrived to do what his stomach could not, dissolve indigestibles.

Now, we don't go to India, but the heat of India comes to us annually. And we live, in summer as well as winter, on as heavy food as the Esquimaux; not quite so repulsive, but certainly as heating. In consequence, disorganization of the liver is becoming almost as common with Americans as with the British residents in India. Too much animal food is eaten in almost every family; and even among those who pride themselves upon living on vegetables, the matter is little mended if those vegetables are copiously lubricated with animal fats, in the form of gravies and butter. The stomach is taxed entirely too much, and we cannot wonder that it rebels, in the acute forms of cholera morbus and dysentery, and in the chronic shapes of dyspepsia and indigestion.

More bread and other simple farinaceous food should be eaten, and that not refined into snowy whiteness, or made a mere vehicle for butter and lard in pastry. We cannot wonder at the high prices of meats, when, in the majority of houses, particularly those of laboring and active men, animal food is eaten three times a day. Where so much meat is devoured, not only is the price of the article itself enhanced, but acres of land are required to fatten and support cattle, acres which might otherwise yield, directly, a support to the human family.—*Philadelphia North American.*

NEGRO WIT.—Judge Burke, of South Carolina, rode on horseback from circuit to circuit, accompanied by a servant, who was directed to keep close behind him, while he meditated as as pleased himself by the way. Jogging along in this way, on one occasion, the servant pressed up to the horse which he rode, and which happened to be an ill-natured brute; and the consequence was, that the horse kicked the negro on the leg, who, observing that it had not interrupted his master's study, sprang off his horse, and, picking up a stone, threw it at the horse, which it unluckily missed, and took effect between the Judge's shoulders. The instant the negro saw what had been done, he fell in the road, with his hands clasped around his leg, and crying out in apparent agony; as soon as the Judge could straighten himself, he turned around and said to the prostrate negro, "Stephen, child, what ails you?" "Lord, master," was the reply, "your horse just now kicked me on the leg, and almost broke it." "Well, child," said the Judge, "he just now kicked me between the shoulders, and almost broke my back too."

WHAT KEPT RORY FROM CONFESSION.—"What may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk, "that keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession, an' from the church service, Peter Murphy?"

"A sad matter it is, yer honor—it is himself that's got in a very bad way, anyhow."

"Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Deism?"

"Worse, ye may depend," said the worthy clerk.

"Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter," exclaimed the pastor.

"Worse."

"An' what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister.

"By the powers, an' it's rheumatism," cried Peter Murphy, "an' so it is."

GROWING COTTON IN CUBA.—A novel speculative movement has begun in Cuba, a joint stock company having organized for the purpose of encouraging the growth of cotton. The capital of the company is put down at eight millions, divided into four thousand shares of $2,000 each. They propose to buy up all the cotton-growing lands of the island, especially such as are unfit by nature or otherwise for the growth of sugar, and put them at once under cultivation. The company also proposes to engage in cotton manufactures. The movers speak with confidence of their enterprise, which they say has the approval and encouragement of the Government.

A young Irish student at a veterinary college being asked, "if a broken-hearted horse was brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" promptly replied, "Why, sell him as soon as possible."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S "READING."—The second entertainment "in remembrance" of the late Douglas Jerrold, took place last night, at St. Martin's Hall, where Mr. Charles Dickens read his own *Christmas Carol* for the first time before a London public.

The reports respecting Mr. Dickens's command over an audience have not been in the least exaggerated. It is no such easy matter to read for upwards of two hours a book with which the listeners are acquainted, and to keep them all the while in a state of breathless interest; but this is actually done by Mr. Dickens. He does not, indeed, impersonate the various characters of his tale, except in the single case of the Miser Scrooge, whose words he speaks in senile accents. All that is spoken by the other characters he delivers, like the narrative, in his own natural voice. But, though he does not act the personages, he completely enters into the spirit of the situations; and the joviality with which he describes the scenes of Christmas festivity endows his discourse with the vividness of a living picture. To transform himself into a number of successive individuals he does not attempt, but he throws himself into the atmosphere in which they all move, and compels his audience to live in it likewise. With his pathetic scenes he is more cautious than with his mirth. He would evidently avoid all imputation of maudlin sentimentalism; and where he would elicit the tears of his audience, he trusts to a manly, unaffected tone in the description of sorrow. But his command is equally potent over emotions of every kind; and during the whole of last evening, he held the sympathies of his hearers as firmly as one might grasp a tangible object. The very aspect of that crowd, composed of the most various classes, hanging on the utterance of one man, was in itself an imposing spectacle.—*Lond. Times.*

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—When the School for Scandal was performing at Drury Lane Theatre, with uncommon applause, the first season, C—d sat in the stage box, and was observed never to smile at any of the good things which the author had put into the mouths of the scenic personages. When the comedy was concluded, he remarked—"I am much surprised that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make me smile. As there are social traitors in every circle, this sarcasm was conveyed to Sheridan, who very coolly observed "that C—d was truly ungrateful for not smiling at his *comedy,* as he had seen a *tragedy* of C—d's at Covent Garden Theatre, but a fortnight before, and had laughed from the beginning to the end!"

THE LAST RESOURCE.—Father, (expostulating with his son.) "James, I am grieved beyond expression to see the cruel way in which you have been going on lately. I have tried you at everything. I put you into a merchant's office, and you were ignominiously sent about your business. I bought you a commission in the army, and you were very quickly recommended to sell out. In despair I started you as a coal and wine merchant, and general commission agent, but you didn't clear enough to pay for your boots and shoes. At last I got you a lucrative post in a Mutual Philanthropic Loan Office, but even they wouldn't have anything to do with you. It's plainly clear to my mind, James, that you are not fit for anything. Under these circumstances, there is but one thing left now—I must get you a situation under Government!"

From Fletcher's "Brazil and the Brazilians," in Press.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

The subject of Slavery in Brazil is one of great interest and hopefulness. The Brazilian Constitution recognises, neither directly nor indirectly, color as a basis of civil rights; hence, once free, the black man or mulatto, if he possess energy and talent, can rise to a social position from which his race in North America is debarred. Until 1850, when the slave trade was effectually put down, it was considered cheaper, on the country plantations, to use up a slave in five or seven years, and purchase another, than to take care of him. This I had in the interior, from intelligent native Brazilians, and my own observation has confirmed it. But, since the inhuman traffic with Africa has ceased, the price of slaves has been enhanced, and the selfish motives for taking greater care of them have been increased. Those in the city are treated better than those on the plantations; they seem more cheerful, more full of fun, and have greater opportunities for freeing themselves. But still there must be great cruelty in some cases, for suicides among slaves, which are almost unknown in our Southern States, are of very frequent occurrence in the cities of Brazil. Can this, however, be attributed to cruelty? The negro of the United States is the descendant of those who have, in various ways, acquired a knowledge of the hopes and fears, the rewards and punishments, which the Scriptures hold out to the good, and threaten the evil; to avoid the crime of suicide is as strongly inculcated as to avoid that of murder. The North American negro has, by this very circumstance, a higher moral intelligence than his brother fresh from the wild freedom and heathenism of Africa; hence the latter, goaded by cruelty, or his high spirit refusing to bow to the white man, takes that fearful leap which lands him in the invisible world.

In Brazil, everything is in favor in Freedom and such are the facilities for the slave to emancipate himself, and, when emancipated, if he possess the proper qualifications, to ascend to higher eminences than those of a mere free black, that *fuit* will be written against Slavery in this Empire before another half century rolls around. Some of the most intelligent men that I met with in Brazil—men educated at Paris and Coimbra—were of African descent, whose ancestors were slaves. Thus, if a man have freedom, money, and merit, no matter how black may be his skin, no place in society is refused him. It is surprising, also, to observe the ambition and the advancement of some of these men with negro blood in their veins. The National Library furnishes not only quiet rooms, large tables, and plenty of books to the seekers after knowledge, but pens and paper are supplied to such as desire these aids to their studies. Some of the closest students thus occupied are mulattoes. The largest and most successful printing establishment in Rio—that of Sr. F. Paulo Brito—is owned and directed by a mulatto. In the colleges, the medical, law, and theological schools, there is no distinction of color. It must, however, be admitted that there is a certain—though by no means strong—prejudice existing all over the land in favor of men of pure white descent.

By the Brazilian laws, a slave can go before a magistrate, have his price fixed, and can purchase himself; and I was informed that a man of mental endowments, even if he had been a slave, would be debarred from no official station, however high, unless it might be that of Imperial Senator.

The appearance of Brazilian slaves is very different from that of their class in our own country. Of course, the house servants in the large cities are decently clad, as a general rule; but even these are almost always barefooted. This is a sort of badge of Slavery. On the tables of fares for ferry boats, you find one price for persons wearing shoes, (*calcadas,*) and a lower one for those *descalcas,* or without shoes. In the houses of many of the wealthy Fluminenses you make your way through a crowd of little woollyheads, mostly guiltless of clothing, who are allowed the run of the house and the amusement of seeing visiters. In families that have some tincture of European manners, these unsightly little bipeds are kept in the background. A friend of mine used frequently to dine in the house of a good old general of high rank, around whose table gambolled two little jetty blacks, who hung about their "*pai*" (as they called him) until they received their portions from his hands, and that, too, before he commenced his own dinner. Whenever the lady of the house drove out, these pets were put into the carriage, and were as much offended at being neglected as any spoiled only son. They were the children of the lady's nurse, to whom she had given freedom. Indeed, a faithful nurse is generally rewarded by manumission.

☞ The office of the *National Era* is removed to the newly-erected "Republican Building," corner of Indiana avenue and Second street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1857.

OUR SLAVE SYSTEM.

In sound health and tranquil surroundings, nobody is apt to be busy curing, dieting, or watching against death by disease. When the doctors are consulting, nurses on the tiptoe of anxiety, the knockers muffled, the streets tan-barked, and the windows darkened, the case is dangerous, and the symptoms, at best, but doubtful; and if the disease is chronic, hereditary, or constitutional, the complaint is certainly mortal. Who would insure the life of a man in a consumption, with hectic fever, heavy night-sweats, and raging delirium? No extremity of fever and exhaustion in a healthy constitution, brought on by accidental causes, is necessarily fatal; but there is no convalescence for a bad organization, tainted with congenital disease, after a severe paroxysm of its inherent ailment. Our slave system is just of this character, and its present condition answers well to this unpromising description and prognostic.

In matters wholly subject to opinion and will, resolution and effort, well and vigorously exerted, may prove effective; but the fortunes of men and societies are under other influences so largely, that they are in the main determined by the immutable laws of nature and of human life, and can be at most but slowly and slightly modified by voluntary interference; just as a fever is a thing that a physician can assuage, but cannot eradicate, if the organism and the functional actions are dead against his art. Moral influences and political ordinances never yet of themselves either instituted or abolished serfdom, chattel or political Slavery. The sentiment that prompted and the legislation which effected either result, always came out of that disposition of circumstances which made it convenient and practicable. Opinion takes too much credit to itself when it claims the power, *per se*, to change either a man or a people in their habits of life and action. Let a tobacco-chewer, or a whisky-drinker, or a habitual liar, try the operation of instant self-regeneration upon himself. Let a nation endeavor a substantial transformation of its own habitudes, by the sheer strength of its mental and moral convictions. They will, with the Apostle, find the flesh weak, however willing the spirit—a law in their members warring against the law in their mind, bringing them into the captivity of sin and death. This refractoriness of conditions in the subject takes something from the promptitude of reformation, but it compensates happily by its successful resistance to a retrograde movement. If human life were absolutely under the rule of human will, it would be more under the dominion of human folly and wickedness than the scheme of our earthly agency could safely allow.

The inference for our purpose is, that the power of the enslavers over the subject of their efforts is limited, and that their vigilance and exertions are only an indication of danger to the system they are nursing. They have no power over it whatever, except the withholding of their own consent and assistance, so long as circumstances allow or permit of even so much opposition as they can offer. The emancipation of our fathers from the state of feudal serfdom in Europe did not come out of any moral change [illegible] it did not take its spring or force from slave insurrections. The concessions of masterdom, and the musterings and exactions of the masses, alike, arose from changes already effected, needing only announcement and endorsement, to give them a formal recognition, as they already had virtual existence. Because the principles of social and political justice are older than the wrongs which they rebuke, and take effect in the reformations which they command, men are apt to suppose they were the sole efficient and occasional causes. But if this were so, why did they not operate as soon as they were announced and known—why is the Sermon on the Mount still waiting for acceptance and adoption in the practice of men and nations? And what is meant by "the fullness of time," for which the Divine Providence waits to accomplish his beneficent purposes? Human life is under direction of spiritual forces, and tends to spiritual issues, but it is none the less subject to exterior conditions, and cannot be determined arbitrarily by any finite agency. If the drift of circumstances sets toward emancipation of our slaves, the masters are powerless in resistance. If it does not, endeavor will prove fruitless And so it should be. There is no good reason why miracle should prevent discipline, or that the millennium should break in through the law of growth before maturity. Principles can wait till practice is orderly, and prophecy will keep endeavor alive in all its healthy influences until facts are ready for its fulfilment.

There is nothing in the past success and growth of the slave interest, nothing in its present zeal and adventurous daring, which can raise a fair presumption of its continuance and extension. Slaves in 1776 were not worth in the average more than fifty dollars a head; now it would be safe to value them at four or five hundred. The interest of the owners in this property has enhanced in this proportion, but their hold upon it has lessened just as much. When men are worth nothing or next to nothing to their owners, they are worth as little to themselves, and worthy of as little for themselves. They cannot then be emancipated in reality, because they have not the qualities and capabilities of freemen; and what they are not in themselves, they cannot be made by any authority. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." But when a man is really and availably up to the value of a freeman to anybody, he is virtually free from bondage, for nobody can then afford to own him. Suppose a slave's labor worth two dollars a day, net profit; this would put the principal up to ten thousand dollars. Cultivate him up to this worth, and his master would quickly change the interest and insurance into wages, and let him take the risks himself. Every degree of approach to this high appraisement is an equal approach to emancipation, as a mere policy of business. In a prosperous state of things, competition obliges every owner to enhance the value of his slaves to the utmost; in doing so, he is but lifting them toward the point at which he can no longer hold them. The account of profit and loss settles it at last in favor of the true policy.

But besides the logic of the ledger, there is another process in full play all the while, which of itself must tend to the same issue. While a man is but little above the brute in those conditions which are required in the life of society, all there is in him and of him may be bought and sold in the market; but so soon as his higher qualities are put into requisition, they must be cultivated, and then they must be consulted and respected, for they are not the subjects of force; they must be educed by motives adapted to their nature. Here, then, is freedom already, in despite of the provisions of the municipal law, and independent of the words in the bill of sale and the intentions of the contracting parties. To prevent this growth, the man must be kept in the conditions of a more animal—he must not be worth more than fifty dollars to anybody. That is the price of his body, and the animal instincts which engineer it; the price of his mind, of his hopes and aspirations, of his skill, discretion, and ambitious endeavors, runs up into the thousands indefinitely; and he mounts, while they are working in him, up toward the altitude of freedom.

It is well. We need not insidiously resist the prosperity of the master, we must not oppose the enhancement of the slave's value, and we should not fear the influence of their joint and inseparable prosperity. Poverty is itself bondage, and a poor master makes the poorest and most hopeless slave. The difference between the wife of a millionaire and of a California Indian is just the difference between the wealth of their husbands. The savage must be made a gentleman before his squaw can be a lady. Land and labor, all the land and all the labor, of the slave States, must be as high priced, or near it, as in the free, before their chattel Slavery will entirely give way under the operations of those causes which permanently and perfectly settle the order of communities. If the Southern States were reduced to half their present value, if the masters were impoverished and paralyzed, the slaves would lose their culture and discipline, and sink below the possibility of redemption. Their chance here would be no better than in the wilds of Africa. There, not men, but human animals, are in demand; here, the demand is every day growing for more and more of the latent manhood in the animal. There is really a dumb oracle in the vanity of the man that he has brought a hundred dollars more under the hammer than "the boy" that stood beside him. It is his acquired skill, piety, and intelligence, that have made the difference in his price and in him, and he is that much nearer the day of redemption. Aye, hideous as the thought is in one aspect, it is hopeful in another—that the woman who is sold for her grace and beauty, is, in the order of things, just so much the nearer, as she is more lovely, to that rank in feminine excellence which cannot be valued, and is never purchased.

Let us not misunderstand or quarrel with Providence. The work goes bravely on. Slaves are worth ten times more in this year of grace, than they were a lifetime ago. In another equal period, they will be worth their own ownership; and when they claim it on this ground, there will be nobody to dispute it with them. Ten years ago, there were thousands of Irishmen who could not have sold themselves in the city of Dublin for six pence a-piece; now, the revived prosperity of the country makes them worth an English shilling a day, and the increase of their wages indicates that prosperity, and gives them hope in proportion.

This theory disposes of all the difficulties of color, and caste; it puts the question out of the reach of opinion, prejudice, and pride. It explains the progress of the races of men which have risen from barbarism into civilization, and takes the danger out of all prosperous oppressions. It makes it simply impossible to break the partnership of men in community in the general good or ill of their fortunes. Let Virginia double the productive value of her industry, the price of her lands, and the value of her negroes, as quickly as possible. To do this, she must diversify her avocations, put skill into the muscles and intelligence into the brains of her slaves; and when that process of education is well accomplished, they will be working and thinking for themselves.

The agitation of the South now proclaims this apprehension, whether she understands its inevitableness or not. That she does not understand it, is proved by the agitation; for it will not come till it must in the order of things, and then it will not hurt her. The nobility of England would not go back to the feudal ages, for all the power which their institutions could give them. Their ancestors were a mixture of beggars, bullies, and thieves, because their serfs were too poor to make gentlemen of them. Their wardrobes, equipages, and incomes, are all the better for the elevation of their former dependants into independent manhood. The way to make four millions of slaves worth ten times their present value to their masters, is to make them free; the way to make them free, is to make them ten times as valuable as they are.

To the South, therefore, we say, in good earnest, Go ahead; take good care of yourselves; get rich the quickest and best way you can invent. Don't bother your brains with questions ethical, ethnological, or theological; catch the spirit of civilized progress; don't allow yourselves to be kept raising raw material and raw negroes for foreign markets. Low styles of labor yield low profits. Raise yours as fast as you can to the level of Christendom's work; manufacture your cotton and iron into the costliest fabrics, and your slaves into the skillfulest laborers. Get even with other white people, and with respectable nations; bridge your streams; turnpike your wagon roads; iron your thoroughfares; introduce labor-saving machinery; make a stupid negro worth nothing; make a mere slave a nuisance, and a lazy white man an emigrant; make your own boots, books, and Bostons. Quit making nationalities out of Southernisms, and fools and martyrs of Northern Democrats, and send Douglas, Toombs, Mason, Davis, and Keitt, to Coventry; for as sure as you stick to patriarchalism, foreign trade, and hog and hominy, ten years more, Henry A. Wise will turn Abolitionist with an eye to the Presidency, and Robert J. Walker will be down on you, with the point of the Nebraska bill in your bowels; and all the nonsense of the last twenty years of strict construction of the Constitution will by its back stroke be the death of you.

ERRATA.—In the article published in the *Era* of 23d July, of which the foregoing is a continuation, the word "confiscation," in the fifteenth paragraph, should be *compensation*. In the article in the *Era* of the 30th July, the word "arrangement," in the sixth paragraph, should be *management*.

A CONTRAST.—The Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, has elected the Rev. W. O. Prentis as its rector, in the place of the Rev. Mr. Tyng, who was recently dismissed for preaching, among other truths, the Anti-Slavery of the New Testament. The new rector is a slaveholder. The *Ambassador* says:

"Mr. Prentis, himself a slaveholder, is from a district which, according to the census of 1850, contains a white population of 7,403; slave ditto, 31,771. Among the white adults, there are 728 who cannot read or write. Verily, enlightened South Carolina is scarcely justified in sending clerical missionaries to Philadelphia."

The new church organized by the friends of Mr. Tyng holds services regularly at National Hall, while their new church is in the process of erection. It gathers strength daily, and the late movement of the vestry of the Epiphany has added much to its strength. We learn that on the Monday after Independence Day, Mr. Tyng preached an eloquent sermon on "National Sins and National Retribution."

Hon. David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, has resigned his position as President Judge of the Bradford Judicial District, in view of the gubernatorial canvass in which he is now engaged. Governor Pollock will appoint his successor, who will hold office until the election of 1858.

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.

From California we receive the first copy of a new Anti-Slavery journal, published at San Francisco. It is called the "*California Free Press*," is issued in a handsome quarto form, and is printed with great taste. It is an able advocate of Anti-Slavery principles, and we trust it will meet with success.

The miners had held meetings denouncing Fremont's Mariposa claim, and threatening to make resistance. The Supreme Court of the State, in the case of the Merced Mining Company *vs.* John C. Fremont, have granted a perpetual injunction upon Col. Fremont, preventing him from interfering with the operations of the company. The Court has also reversed its late decision touching the San Francisco bonds, the Court now holding as unconstitutional and void all that section of the consolidation bill regulating the payment to the commissioners of the sinking fund for a gradual extinction of the debt.

From Oregon we hear that the majority in favor of a Constitutional Convention is very large, and the so-called Democrats have a majority of the delegates. The Oregon *Times* says that the Democratic delegates propose to "append to the Constitution a clause establishing Slavery, and another *providing for* its perpetuation. The California *Free Press* says justly of this:

"Why this distinction in the phraseology? It conveys the idea that Slavery already exists there, and the Pro-Slavery clause is to perpetuate it—to prevent the Legislature from abolishing it; while the Republican clause, if adopted, will neither abolish nor prohibit the institution. It will merely provide that the Legislature *may* abolish it. But the Pro-Slavery party will take good care that the Legislature shall not act upon the subject, or if it do act, that the law shall be like the law of this State against duelling—so defective that it cannot be enforced. If this clause be adopted in the shape indicated, the Republicans will have to strive for years, before they can get an efficient act passed by the Legislature. In the mean time, slaves will be introduced, and the Propagandists will take the ground that the State cannot abolish the institution without paying for these slaves. And the Supreme Court of the United States, as now constituted, will sustain the claim. Let Republicans see to it that the Constitution itself shall either establish or prohibit the institution. Then the *vote of the people* will settle the question. The advocates of 'Popular Sovereignty' surely cannot oppose so reasonable a proposition."

We fear that the Democratic dodge will triumph, and that Slavery will for a time keep its foothold in Oregon.

UTAH NEWS.

We have received our usual files of the Utah papers, and find in them a few items of interest. The mail was brought from Salt Lake city to Leavenworth in fifteen days. The people of the Territory were in a state of general prosperity. All the officers of Salt Lake military district met on June 28, and were addressed by Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Elder Wilfred Woodruff, and others. The last-mentioned gentleman chances to be an old townsman of ours. When young, he was chiefly distinguished for a lack of mental culture, and the poverty of his condition. He was once an enthusiastic member of some orthodox religious sect, but soon fell in with Mormonism, which he embraced, and from a very humble position among enlightened people, he rose to a prominent one among the unenlightened.

In New England, if we mistake not, he with difficulty supported *one* wife, but in Utah he keeps *twelve*, and is regarded as one of the shining lights of the church. But, to return from our digression.

Brigham Young commanded the military of Salt Lake to dispense with cavalry, and save a useless expense of thousands of dollars.

The *News* says of the Temple:

"On the morning of Thursday, June 18, and in company with Pres. H. C. Kimball, we visited the foundation of the Temple, upon the northwest corner of which brother Edward Parry was laying the first stone in the basement story, under the supervision of Bishop A. H. Raleigh, foreman of the mason work. All along the foundation walls, huge stones, averaging about two tons in weight, were strewn, in readiness for being placed in their positions, while numerous stone-cutters were busily occupied in shaping the rude blocks from the quarry. How cheering this news to every one striving to aid in accomplishing the great design of our being here, and how strange, incomprehensible, and anger-moving, they know not why, to the world!"

President Young has been expressing his mind freely at "the Tabernacle," upon various matters. He says:

"I cannot express my feelings—I can imagine, but cannot give vent to my imaginations, when I realize the situation of the Saints in the valleys of these mountains. I expect, if I should give way to my feelings, mingled with the weakness pertaining to mankind, that you would call me more foolish than a Methodist, or even more foolish than a right down shouting ranter. I think I know how to prize the blessings I enjoy, and I also think that there are a great many here who know how to prize theirs. My soul is full of gratitude. We are far from our oppressors, far from those who seek to destroy us solely on account of our faith, and are secured in the midst of these sterile, inhospitable mountains and valleys. They are so to every person upon natural principles, but the Saints live here. When I go abroad, when I visit a neighbor, when I meet a man or woman in the street, when I assemble with the community in which I live, I am in the midst of Saints, or at least those who profess to be Saints; and if they are not Saints, I think they are trying to become so with all their might."

This, by way of a preface—here follows a direct attack upon the United States officers. Says Brigham:

"Those whom the Government sends here are a most miserable set, and, as a general thing, they do not know enough to tell a decent lie. But this is not altogether to be wondered at, for they are under the same difficulty as we are sometimes; it is hard for them to tell a man who has got brains in his head from one who is filled with pudding. The President and his Cabinet know nothing about the characters whom they send here; if they did, many who have come here never would have been sent. If we cannot always discern the children of men, it is no wonder that they are blind, and cannot send men here capable of making a decent lie. If they have not already told every falsehood about us that they can invent, they will be mighty sorry when they think of it; for if they could have told any more, they would have done so. They have made and told every lie that they knew how to; and if there is any blame on them for not lying more, it must be attributed to their ignorance. I would like to come here next Sunday morning, at about eight o'clock, and read to you those beautiful stories they have invented and published, (O, they are lovely!) and let you understand how little sense they contain. They have us eaten up by crickets, then by grasshoppers, (I suppose the grasshoppers must have beaten the crickets;) and when they found that grasshoppers and crickets had not eaten us up, then the drouth came and destroyed us; and, after all that, the cry from one end of the nation to the other now is, to destroy the 'Mormons.'"

Judge Drummond is attacked after the following fashion:

"Judge Drummond comes out with death and thunder on the Mormons, and that no other man ought to govern the Mormons but Judge Drummond, the horse dealer; and so it goes. And they publish that we have thousands and tens of thousands of men scattered over the world, full of fervor, integrity, and courage, and ready at a moment's warning. Just one word from Brigham, and they are ready to slay all before them; and then they turn round and proclaim that the Mormons ought to be used up, and that you can do this and that with them. It is all a pack of nonsense, the whole of it.

"The devil is mad, and I am glad,
And what can we do to please him?

"I know what I think, but I will not tell it now. It would please me better to have him kicked out of doors than anything else, and especially from this community."

The Judge will probably outlive the infliction of this bombast.

The *Deseret News* gets wrathy over the prospect of the removal of Brigham Young from office. We clip a specimen of its editorial on the subject:

"We are sanguine that miserable, sneaking, traitorous, self-conceited, slandering, pusillanimous scoundrels, will ever find that the climate of Utah is not congenial to their health, and that they had far better have stayed in the regions of more compatible society. We are fully aware that President Buchanan and his Cabinet cannot be presumed to know the qualifications of all who are hounding them for office and a clutch at the spoils, and are thereby liable to have their best intentions frustrated. But they do know that Utah unanimously and of right wishes and respectfully petitions that his Excellency Brigham Young be continued to be her Governor, a man long and thoroughly tried, and proven to be most worthy. And what American citizen, having a due respect for the constitutional rights and welfare of the people, will so much as ask for the appointment in Governor Young's place, or even accept it if proffered without being sought? No one. Neither can any intelligent person, unmaddened by party frenzy, uncontaminated by love of office and spoils, and possessed of only a tolerable respect for the rights and feelings of others, be so wicked and malicious as to urge President Buchanan to appoint any officers in Territories, save those indicated by the choice of the people dwelling therein. Any Governmental appointments for Territories more than for States is at best but a relic of barbarous colonial usage."

Should Gov. Cummings ever reach Salt Lake, he need not expect a very cordial reception from his predecessor, Brigham Young.

PROSPECT OF A FUSION IN NEW YORK.

It is not unlikely that the Republican and American parties will unite to a certain extent in the fall election, in the State of New York. In Massachusetts, the ultra Know Nothings, under the leadership of Gov. Gardner, talk of joining the Democrats, with perhaps such a man as Mr. Winthrop for union leader of the joint forces.

In New York, the fusion, if attempted, will be made work with difficulty. The *Commercial Advertiser* says:

"The Democrats and Republicans have each issued a call for a State Convention for the nomination of candidates for these offices. The Know Nothing or American party, we believe, have not yet taken such action. It is not improbable, we imagine, that the Americans will fix the time for their Convention at a later date than that selected by the Republicans, (the 23d of September,) with a view to a possibility of fusion, and the endorsement of the Republican nominees. Some of the leaders of the American party insist that no such fusion is contemplated, and others very strenuously affirm, that if such fusion is effected, it will be by the secession of the Republicans from their platform, and the adoption by them of the American nominees. The wish in this matter is father to the thought. We have no idea that the Republicans will consent to take rank second to the Know Nothings. Their leaders are too ambitious, and have too many schemes in operation or in view, to permit it; and as the victorious party in the last State election, it can scarcely be expected of them.

"But that there will be a fusion of the two parties, we deem almost certain; and of course the Republicans will do something, as their share of concession. We infer this from the general admission that neither the Republicans nor the Americans are to-day strong enough to carry the State, even though the Democrats are at present a divided host. The Republicans cannot help feeling that their popularity has suffered largely from the acts of the late Legislature; that in the city they have not the remotest chance of success; and that in the rural districts they cannot now command the support that they had ten or twelve months ago. They are therefore well disposed to go as far as is consistent with their continued identity as a political party, in securing the alliance of the Americans."

Should the Republicans coalesce with the Americans in New York, we shall have three great States setting an example in favor of coalition of parties to their sisters—Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. In the first-mentioned State the Americans divide, one wing uniting with the Republicans, the other with the Democrats; and this will probably prove to be the case in both New York and Pennsylvania. It is certainly a question whether the Republicans will gain by such a separation in the American party.

THE DISAFFECTION IN THE SOUTH.

The disaffection among the fire-eaters of the South is by no means quelled by the editorials of the *Union*, though in a measure it is quieted. We publish a report of a speech of Senator Brown, of Mississippi, on our fourth page, which will repay special attention and a careful reading. The Senator has heretofore been a friend of the President and the Administration, yet he sets his face against Gov. Walker, and predicts that he will be recalled. He also declares that the President *is opposed to Squatter Sovereignty*.

We publish below a letter of Senator Mason, of Virginia, to the Richmond *South*, which will explain itself. It will be seen that the Senator approves of the course the *South* has pursued; and, doing so, we can scarcely see how he approves the course of the Administration. His letter is significant:

To the Editor of the South:

DEAR SIR: In your paper of Monday last, in an article headed "*Walker's Usurpation*," I observe the following paragraph:

"But we are told that Hunter, and Mason, and other distinguished Southern Senators, in the debate on the Nebraska-Kansas bill, expressed the same opinion, that Kansas must be a free State," &c.

I cannot undertake to say what opinions may have been expressed by my honored colleague, or by other Senators from the South, in reference to the probable condition of Kansas; though, from a general knowledge of their views in regard to that Territory, I should not doubt that any opinions so expressed would have reference to circumstances and contingencies necessarily qualifying them. To avoid misconstruction, however, I think it proper to say that I never expressed the opinion thus ascribed to me; because I never entertained it. At the time the law passed, organizing the Territorial Government, there were few with whom I conversed who did not believe that the future State would take its place with those recognising and cherishing the condition of African Slavery. There was at that time, certainly, every reason to believe why this should be so, and none why it should not. The State of Missouri, bordering its eastern frontier, was a slaveholding State, holding at that time nearly an hundred thousand slaves, and these were chiefly held in the border counties.

The State of Arkansas, adjacent to the Territory on the south, was likewise a slaveholding State. The soil and climate of Kansas were well adapted to those valuable products, chiefly hemp and tobacco, which gave value to slave labor in Missouri. The proximity of its population, with the attractions of new, fertile, and cheap land, I believed would lead the slaveholders in Missouri to diffuse themselves speedily over Kansas; and, the prohibitory line of 36° 30′ being obliterated, there was no reason why they should not. I had no fear of fair competition in such appropriation of the new Territory from any quarter. Unfair competition I did not look to. What may yet be the result as to the condition of Kansas, notwithstanding the extraordinary and unscrupulous efforts of Northern Abolitionists to force a population there, I cannot undertake to say. Nor will I allude in this place to the new and unexpected aspect now exhibited of affairs in that Territory, with so much propriety reprehended in the columns of the "*South*." Whatever may be the information of others, I certainly am not sufficiently informed of the existing state of things in Kansas, to form a clear opinion, one way or the other; yet I will venture to say this much—that if African Slavery be ultimately excluded from Kansas, it will be effected by the numerical force of organized majorities, operating against the usual laws which govern emigration, and will present a new and most instructive lesson to the Southern States.

Very respectfully, I am yours, &c., &c.,
J. M. MASON.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

The Attorney General has decided that Capt. Wilkes, who was subjected to a heavy expense in defending himself in the courts against the prosecution of a seaman whom he punished at sea, shall be indemnified by the Government.

An account has been adjusted by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, between the United States and the State of Missouri, for the three-per-cent. fund accruing to the latter during the years 1855 and 1856, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 8th March, 1820, and a balance of $79,030.09 found to be due the State of Missouri.

Also, between the United States and the State of Arkansas for the five-per-cent. fund accruing to the latter during the years 1855 and 1856, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 23d June, 1836, and a balance of $18,700.79 found to be due the State of Arkansas.

Also, between the United States and the State of Florida for the five-per-cent. fund accruing to the latter during the years 1855 and 1856, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved March 3, 1855, and a balance of $5,535.18 found to be due the State of Florida.

Also, between the United States and the State of Illinois for the three-per-cent. fund accruing to the latter during the year 1856, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved April 18, 1818, and a balance of $13,791.69 found to be due the State of Illinois.

The great through mail from Chicago to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, has been transferred from the route by which it has hitherto been carried, to the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago and Pennsylvania Central railroads. Under this arrangement, the mail leaving Chicago at 7.15 A. M., arrives at Pittsburgh at 6 A. M. of the following day, Philadelphia at midnight, Baltimore at 7.30 A. M., and Washington at 10 A. M., of the second day following. The mail leaving Chicago at 7.45 P. M. arrives at Pittsburgh at 7:30 P. M., Philadelphia and Baltimore at 1 P. M., and Washington at 4.30 P. M., of the following day.

Under the former arrangement, these mails went by the Indianapolis route, upon which changes were made at Michigan City, Lafayette, Indianapolis, Dayton, Xenia, Columbus, and Benwood, and some nine hours more time was occupied in reaching Pittsburgh than by the present arrangement.

The War Department has received news that the Sioux Indians have acceeded to the demands of the Government, and that quiet is restored.

Judge Mason has resigned the office of Commissioner of Patents.

Information has been received from the party in charge of the western division of the Fort Kearny and South Pass wagon road. They expected to commence operations at Honey Lake, the point of beginning, about the 8th instant, and to complete their work before winter.

The President has departed for Bedford Springs.

The Baltimore *Sun* says:

"It is understood that General Herran, the Minister from New Granada, after several interviews with the Secretary of State, has offered propositions embracing all the points of difference between the United States and his Government, with a view to their final adjustment, and that the propositions will be accepted. If so, the negotiation will be soon terminated in a treaty. The particulars in regard to the propositions have not transpired, but it may be presumed that they do not essentially differ from the demands reported to have been made by our special commissioner, Mr. Morse.

"An essential provision in Mr. Morse's project was the transfer to the United States of jurisdiction over the island of Tobago, in the Bay of Panama, the property of which is now in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Perhaps this concession may be taken by the United States as a sufficient indemnity for the outrages of 15th April, 1856, and as a security for American interests in future. In this case, the money demanded, which Messrs. Bowlin and Morse presented as an *ultimatum*, must be assumed by the United States Government. If they have estimated the damages at too high a mark—400,000 dollars—it will be still claimed by the parties, and the Government cannot dispute its own estimate."

The *Star* has the following rumor:

"It is said, on the avenue, that yesterday the President received from Brigham Young a letter expressing gratification at being about to be relieved from the labors and cares of Federal office, and pledging himself that the Mormons will treat all the Federal officers he may send to the Territory well, provided they prove to be honest men, who attend only to the legitimate discharge of their official duties. His letter is further said to be replete with abuse of the returned Territorial U. S. functionaries."

The motion of Col. Lindsay, in the British House of Commons, calling for copies of Secretary Marcy's letter to the French Government on the subject of privateering, has attracted the attention of the Cabinet. The Secretary of State has for some time past had the question under consideration, and it is understood that he is utterly opposed to any such compact. The President will, no doubt, call the attention of Congress to the matter in his message to the next Congress.

Judge Stiles, District Attorney Hockaday, and Marshal Dotson, Federal officers for Utah, join in a card emphatically contradicting the reports from that Territory, extensively published in the newspapers, which charged David H. Burr, late Surveyor General of Utah, with having committed frauds upon the Government, overcharging incidental expenses, and falsifying the position of the Mormons.

FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

Some weeks since, we published, on our first page, an article in reply to a criticism in the *New York Observer*, upon the subject of feminine novel writing. The *Observer* of last week contains an editorial rejoinder, and, as we are disposed to give both sides a hearing, we quote the principal part of the *Observer's* reply:

"Again we have offended. Happily the lady is not a poet; she attacks us in prose, and here we are more at home. Seriously, we would rather have three fights with a man, than one with a woman; or a fight with three men at once, rather than with one woman at a time! But so it is. We are dreadfully cut up by a woman in the *National Era*, who has seen copied into some other paper our few lines of entreaty, addressed to the sex in general, touching the writing of *trashy* novels. We had stated that the demand for these tales had fallen off, and suggesting that this fact ought to encourage the women to stop writing, we said:

"'Go out washing, take in sewing, attend to the children, nurse the sick, do anything honest and useful, but do stop writing wishy-washy, namby-pamby, milk-and-water, sentimental love stories.'

"That is our offence, the head and front, the whole of our offending. Upon these words the offended lady—herself, she says, the writer of novels—indulges in two columns of caustic, of which we give the introduction:

" * * * Now, in reply to all this, we have to say, that we have not said a word, or thought a thought against writing 'good novels.' We have not sought to deter women from the use of the pen, to promote the good and the true and the beautiful. The more they write the better, provided always they write to some good end. God forbid that we, who have long and largely availed ourselves of their labors, whose columns are constantly enriched by the contributions of accomplished women, should disparage their noble efforts thus to do good and add to the enjoyment of their readers."

The *Observer*, in closing, asks for the name of the authoress of the criticism, and promises, in case it is sent to the *Observer* office, that it will pronounce at once upon her novels.

MISS RUSSELL'S STORY.

SANDUSKY, O., *July* 31, 1857.

To the Editor of the National Era:

When will the "Autobiography of a New England Girl" be completed in your columns? Is it to be published in book form? If so, how soon? It is creating quite a sensation in this city, and I predict for it a large sale. It is certainly the finest thing we have had since the days of "Jane Eyre."

We would reply to the above letter, that "The Autobiography of a New England Girl" is finished this week, and we understand that it will soon be issued in a book form.

The Review.

The Eclectic Magazine. New York: W. H. Bidwell.

The August number contains articles treating upon the following subjects:

"Progress—its Law and Cause;" "Whewell's Moral Philosophy;" "How China is Peopled;" "The Genius of Charles Wrigsly;" "Charlotte Bronte," and several select tales.

It is an admirable number, and contains a striking portrait of Louis Agassiz.

The Knickerbocker. New York: Samuel Hueston.

The number for the present month opens with a well-executed steel portrait of Mr. Mitchell, better known as Ik. Marvel, the popular author of "Dream Life," &c. The Editor's Table, by "Old Knick," is always its most attractive feature, and we suspect will continue to be, so long as its present editor lives. The contents of the Magazine this month are as good as usual.

Blackwood's Magazine. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

The July number of Blackwood contains "Sea-Side Sketches, No. 2;" part second of Bulwer's new story, "Charles the Fifth;" "Janet's Repentance;" a review of the "Life of Charlotte Bronte;" a review of the "Life of Sir Charles J. Napier;" and a concluding article upon the Colonies.

The Novels of Henry Fielding. New York: Derby & Jackson.
Tom Jones. Two volumes.
Amelia.
Joseph Andrews.
Jonathan Wild.

Of all the reprints which Messrs. Derby & Jackson have presented to the public, none will meet with a heartier reception than the above-named novels of Henry Fielding. He has long deservedly held a conspicuous place among the most brilliant of England's novelists, and the present generation will honor his genius quite as much as the preceding ones have done. His genius for depicting human nature has rarely been equalled—still more rarely, if ever, surpassed. He has been called by an able critic "the prose Homer of human nature."

Henry Fielding was born in the year 1707, at Sheafham Park, near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, England. His family was distinguished for its ancestry, but was not wealthy. His father was a military character, and became Lieutenant General in the reigns of George I and George II.

The early education of Fielding was committed to the care of a clergyman, and this parson afterwards became a prominent character in one of his novels, that of Joseph Andrews. The parson figures in that story under the title of "Parson Trulliber." Fielding seems to have regarded him with some contempt, for his intellectual and scholastic qualifications were mean. The scholar left him soon for Eton, the fashionable school of England, then as now. At this school he became acquainted with such men (then boys) as Fox, Pitt, Lord Lyttleton, &c. At sixteen, he was regarded as well versed in the languages and the books of the best writers, and he went upon the Continent to the University of Leyden, to further prosecute his studies. His pecuniary resources failed him, and at twenty he retired to London, and commenced the career of a great writer for the stage. Garrick was his intimate friend, and he found friends among the noble and distinguished.

At the age of twenty-seven, Fielding fell in love with and married a most worthy young woman, by the name of Cradock, the original of his incomparable "Amelia." With the small fortune his wife brought him, and his own, he might have passed a comfortable life, safe from poverty and want; but the young dramatist was imprudent, would not listen to the wise counsels of his beautiful wife, and ran in debt, living far beyond his income. In truth, if the reader wants a graphic sketch of a portion of Fielding's life, he can find it in the novel "Amelia." The character of Booth stands for Fielding, and the ever-constant Amelia is Mrs. Fielding.

At thirty, Fielding applied briefly to law, but with ill success, and he consequently was forced to use his pen in miscellaneous writing. It was not until a later period of his life that he hit upon the rich vein which has rendered his name immortal; and his novels were well received, though not so well as they deserved. He was not properly appreciated or rewarded by his own generation, though he never came to want.

"Jonathan Wild" was written for a good purpose. It exposes hypocrisy; and, though it abounds with the absurd and ridiculous, will interest the reader of this day.

"Joseph Andrews," the author says, was intended as an imitation of the style and manner of Cervantes, and is a fine satirical production. It appeared in the year 1742, and was severely attacked by the critics, but it survived their clamor.

"Tom Jones" is considered Fielding's master piece, but was written with a mind burdened by many duties and by troubles which came thick upon the author. This novel has been much admired by the highest minds in all civilized countries. It is full of action and spirit, and though there are scenes in it which, at this day, we might dislike to lay before young readers, yet the tendency of all Fielding's works is virtuous. He paints vice in black colors, and virtue under his pencil is an angel of light. His good nature shines upon every page and mellows every line.

"Amelia," the last of Fielding's novels, is not regarded as his best, but there is one character in it which surpasses all his others—that of Amelia, the heroine of the book. The novelist was sketching his lovely, then dead, wife, in this character, and he succeeded in drawing one of the most beautiful female characters to be found in the pages of fiction. We do not know where to go to find a creation so exquisitely beautiful, and yet so natural as this. It is not that of an angel, but that of *a woman*—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Such constancy and affection as hers has rarely been sketched, and modern novelists, who so uniformly fail in drawing female characters, should catch the secret from Fielding and the older dramatists.

Household Words. New York: Miller & Curtis.

The August number of this delightful monthly has made its appearance, and is filled with excellent reading matter. "The Dead Secret" is finished with this number, and other racy stories and sketches are among its contents. A poem entitled "Story of a Love" is very beautiful.

Slavery and the Remedy; or, Principles and Suggestions for a Remedial Code. By Samuel Nott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of this thick pamphlet is not an advocate for the abolition of Slavery—indeed, he does not hold that Slavery is wrong, but he proposes a Remedial Code. So far as we understand this, he would have the State step in between the master and the slave, to prevent overwork or improper punishment; he would place the marriage relation among slaves upon the same basis that it occupies among the whites; he would not allow the separation of families, and refractory slaves should be sold *under law*, not at the option of the master; the slaves should be rendered capable of holding property, and of acquiring it; they should have education and religious worship—the protection of the laws.

Our author does not anticipate, as a result of these measures, a general emancipation—by no means; his code, as he says, "is not *prefatory* to emancipation, but *instead of it*." If this were to be the upshot of the matter, we should still welcome the Remedial Code, instead of what is now known as the American Slave Code—not as a finality, but as an improvement. Let Mr. Nott try to introduce his Code into the slave States! We fancy that he might as well try to introduce General Emancipation. But let him try his Remedial Code; and if the South will adopt it—will give the slaves *property*, partial manhood, education, and their religious rights, and in time they will be sure to attain their complete liberty—if it is not given, they will *take* it.

But while we shall welcome the Remedial Code in the place of the Slave Code, we must not be understood as endorsing Mr. Nott's plan of emancipation, and especially his prefatory chapters in this pamphlet. He assumes that Slavery, *in essence*, is right—that man can rightfully *own* the services of another, without the consent of the "one held to service." This is a terrible mistake. The slaveholder has no just claim upon the services of his slaves; and to teach that he has, is, in our opinion, to fasten the chains still tighter upon the limbs of the slave. Let Conscience do what it can in the great effort to arouse the South. The North, at least, should not lull the oppressor to sleep with arguments to prove the rightfulness of Slavery.

Mr. Nott says, that to steal a man originally, and make a slave of him, is wicked—but not to keep him after he is stolen, or to keep his offspring in a state of enslavement. Such assertions as this will not commend themselves, or the pamphlet in which they are written, to conscientious Anti-Slavery people. The author says the slaveholders find the slaves upon their hands. True—and so does the Northern capitalist find workmen upon his hands; but neither find *slaves* there, unless he consents to *make them* so. The enslavement, as a general rule, is voluntary on the part of the holder, and is an act to be accounted for as original man-stealing is; and it is useless to defend Slavery by any such arguments.

The Works of William Hazlitt. New York: Derby & Jackson.
Table Talk. Two volumes.
Dramatic Literature.
English Poets and Comic Writers.
Spirit of the Age.

No writer of the past generation has attracted more general attention than William Hazlitt. As an essayist and critic, he has been rarely if ever surpassed; and we may with safety assert that, of all critics, he is one of the raciest—the most brilliant. Others may surpass him in exactness, in reliability, in the expression of truth, but not in style. There is a peculiar fascination in his writings, an enthusiastic earnestness, which carries the reader through them with rapidity.

The two volumes issued under the title of Table Talk contain a great variety of matter. The first volume treats of "The Pleasure of Painting; The Past and the Future; Of People with One Idea; The Ignorance of the Learned; Will-Making; a Landscape of Nicholas Poussin; On Going a Journey; On Distant Objects; Corporate Bodies; The Knowledge of Character; The Fear of Death; Application to Study; The Old Age of Artists; Egotism and the Regal Character." The second book discusses the following subjects: "The Feeling of Immortality in Youth; The Want of Money; Sitting for One's Picture; Genius; London and Country People; Living to One's Self; Genius and Common Sense; Hot and Cold; Thought and Action; Dreams; Envy; The Difference between Writing and Speaking; Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses; Qualifications Necessary to Success in Life; Scott; Racine and Shakspeare." What a range of subjects have we here for a man of genius!

The third volume is upon Dramatic Literature, and consists principally of a series of lectures delivered by Mr. Hazlitt before English audiences at the Surrey Institution, in 1818. This volume is indispensable to the student of English dramatic literature. It treats upon the dramatic writers cotemporary with Shakspeare; Lyly, Marlowe, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley; on Marston, Chapman, Decher, and Webster; Beaumont and Fletcher; Ben Johnson, Ford, and Massinger; on Single Plays and Poems; Miscellaneous Poems; Bacon's Works; and closes with an essay upon the spirit of ancient and modern literature.

Volume fourth is upon Comic Writers and the English Poets. The opening lecture is upon Wit and Humor; the next upon Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; and the others follow each other in the following order: "On Cowley, Butler, Suckling, and Etherege; on Wycherly, Congreve, Vanhurgh, and Farquar; on the Periodical Essayists; on the English Novelists; on the Works of Hogarth; and on the Comic Writers of the Last Century." Then follow the essays upon the English Poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, Swift, Young, Gray, Collins, Burns—and the living poets.

The last volume, and perhaps the most readable of all, is entitled, "The Spirit of the Age, or Cotemporary Portraits." The following persons are sketched by Mr. Hazlitt: Jeremy Bentham, William Godwin, Mr. Colsridge, Rev. Mr. Irving, Mr. Horne Tooke, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Sir James Macintosh, Mr. Malthus, Gifford, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Brougham, Lord Eldon, Wilberforce, Cobbett, Campbell, Crabbe, Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and Washington Irving.

The style of those sketches is at once descriptive and critical. The portrait-painting is most graphically executed, while the criticisms are racy, spirited, but often prejudiced and unfair. The criticism of Irving is especially so.

The works of Hazlitt, with all their faults, form a brilliant addition to the library, and contain a vast fund of information. We trust that their publication in modern style this side of the Atlantic will be duly appreciated. Hazlitt was a bitter enemy of legitimacy, an enthusiastic friend of popular rights, and a worshipper, almost to madness, of Napoleon. His character shines through his volumes. He was a hearty hater as well as friend. His enemies were treated with severity—his friends with passionate kindness. He was a singular man, and his works, though desultory, will long live to keep his name before the world.

Evelina. By Miss Burney. New York: Derby & Jackson.

This is a tale which may not suit the tastes of many modern readers, but it was very popular in its day, and is even now regarded with admiration by the best critics. In one of his essays, Macaulay says of it: "Miss Burney's 'Evelina' had been admired, while it was ascribed to men of letters long conversant with the world, and accustomed to letters. But when it was known that a reserved, silent young woman had produced the best work of fiction since Smollett, the acclamations were redoubled—the triumph was complete—the timid and obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame. Great men, on whom she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her with admiration. Burke, Windham, Gibbon, Reynolds, and Sheridan, were among her most ardent eulogists. Dr. Johnson was charmed with her book, and preferred it to the novels of Fielding."

Miss Burney, the author of "Evelina," married a French refugee officer, Count D'Arblay, and is chiefly known through her married name of Madame D'Arblay. She was born twenty years before Miss Austen, whose volumes we noticed last week, yet lived until 1840, being then eighty-eight years old. "Evelina" was written when she was in her twenty-sixth year, though a story was at one time current that she wrote it at the age of seventeen. Dr. Johnson noticed the story, spoke in high terms of it to his friend, Mrs. Thrale, and in due time "Evelina" became the lion of the hour. It attained to a great popularity, and one for which we can hardly account upon reading the book. It is to be remembered, however, that in those days stories did not abound as in these latter days.

After writing "Evelina," Mrs. Burney's pen was idle for a dozen years, when she resumed it to write a tragedy and other novels, none of which, however, at all equalled her first effort; if they did not increase her reputation, they brought her money for the books sold upon the reputation of her first work.

There is a good deal of humor, and some fine sarcasm, in "Evelina," and it is quite interesting. It is quite worthy its old reputation.

The State of the Departed. An Address delivered at the Funeral of the Rt Rev. Benjamin Moore, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York, and Rector of Trinity Church, in the City of New York, on Friday, March 1, 1816, in Trinity Church; and a Dissertation on the Same Subject, by John Henry Hobart, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York. New York: Thomas N. Stanford. 1857.

We have given the whole of the title of this small volume; and it will be seen, from the fact, that as the first appearance of the discourse was more than forty years since, no doubt the presumed importance of the subject discussed has dictated its present republication. Bishop Hobart stood high in the church, where he was honored as a man of influence and power.

The intermediate state is a topic that has recently more or less entered into the composition of several volumes relating to the future condition of man. Difference of opinion, it is well known, prevails respecting it, as to the fact, and also as to its character, if the fact be admitted. From the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory to the mere belief in a separate world where the souls of the dead await the process of the last judgment, a variety of opinions have been and are still entertained. Bishop Hobart is an advocate of the view generally adopted by the Episcopal church, and many, perhaps, of other denominations, that the state of the souls of believers is not heaven, but some anterior condition, where, though spoken of as being with Christ, they await final blessedness when the winding up shall be of the world's probation, and the decisions of the last judgment shall have been had and forever fixed. He has argued the question with ability, and yet it would be too much to say that something also might not be urged on the other side. Much depends, no doubt, however, on the meaning of the terms.

The discourse is well written—a fit tribute to the amiable Bishop, who is still remembered by the few, now toward life's decline, who shared in his ministrations.

The book is neatly printed, and will be acceptable to numbers interested in the topic of which it treats. Written so many years ago, the Dissertation, though a critical one, has not the advantage of reference to the more modern commentaries, and the light which their philological research has thrown on the text of the original passages; yet Bishop Hobart has brought forward numerous quotations from those then most approved or best known.

The Martyr of the Pongas: Being a Memoir of the Rev. Hamble James Leacock, Leader of the West India Mission to Western Africa. By the Rev. Henry Caswell, D. D., Vicar of Figheldean, Wilts, &c., &c. New York: Thomas N. Stanford. 1857.

This book, too, as it will be perceived, is due to the same press as that just noticed; and we are happy to say that it is one which many readers, we trust, will find to be full of interest to them. If we were called upon to refute the miserable dogmas of those who, by their display of physiological and cranioscopic arguments, seek, in the spirit of the boldest infidelity, to shield the conscience from the charge of wrong, and so deny that the negro belongs to the human race, or even has soul, as some would seem to affirm, we should want no better proof both of the weakness and wickedness of their avarice and their pride than to point them to the recorded testimonials which the missions to Africa furnish. It is probable they would deny them, and sneer at the credulity of any one who could believe in such conversions or the power of the grace of God. Yet there they stand, and no more signal instances are to be found of the wondrous adaptation of God's Gospel of Love than Africa presents in some of the once-degraded inhabitants of her kralls—and in the changed lives and glorious deaths of individuals once ferocious, debased, foul, and abominable, who, lamblike, civilized, cleansed, and respected, have lived the life and died the death of Christians—of the true children of God.

The volume before us furnishes others of these testimonies to the power of truth, though the subject of it was but a short time a missionary in Africa, leaving the place of his labor in the West Indies at the age of 60, to enter on this new field of Christian toil. The account given of Mr. Leacock is an interesting one, and shows his character in a pleasing light, as a man deserving the respect and esteem of his friends. He was a native of Barbados, from whence, after his ordination to the priesthood in 1826, he went to St. Vincent, and afterwards to Nevis, and labored as a minister of Christ, the reason assigned for his leaving his native island being his opposition to Slavery. In 1835, he came to the United States, and settling for a time in Kentucky, where he was highly respected, and in consequence of an invitation from Bishop Otey, in less than three years removed to Tennessee. Here he was earnest and faithful in the performance of his duty. Thence he went back to Kentucky, and was there for six months, when he left for New Jersey, and in 1849 took his departure for the West Indies. Here he was instrumental in the formation of a missionary society for West Africa, and devoted himself to this object, commencing his labors in the cause at a place about 140

miles to the northward of Sierra Leone, in 1855. He, however, lived but about a year after his entrance on his field of benevolent enterprise; and yet his work was not altogether in vain. The accounts taken from his letters and journals furnish numerous facts showing that God was with him.

Various conversations and incidents are given, imparting increased attractiveness to the work, by exhibiting the traits of character and the operation of the sacred word on the minds of the natives, as well as the results of his efforts. From the whole memoir, we gather that he was a zealous servant of his master, and, with his heart aroused by a sense of the needs of his fellow-men, he was ready and successful in the fulfilment of his duty. His portrait adorns the volume, and, we presume, both for this and for the biography which will revive their recollection of him, many of his friends in this country will warmly greet the book, and find a melancholy pleasure in perusing the memoir that pays its fit tribute to his worth. It also contains a map of the Pongas country, the scene of his labors.

The title, "Martyr of the Pongas," might seem to suggest that he fell a victim to violence, as in the case of the missionary Lyman, "the Martyr of Sumatra," among the Baltas. Such, however, was not the case; and it means no more than that, in the spirit of a martyr, he devoted himself to self-denying efforts for others. He died, too, no doubt, in consequence of these unwearied toils, and his enfeebled constitution sunk under the power of disease, thus adding another to the names for whom ill-fated Africa may bless the Lord.

Stories for the Strawberry Party: A Gift-Book for Children. By Thrace Talmon, Author of Edith Hale, &c. Boston: James French & Co. 1857.

A very pretty story book. A group of children, some eight in number, are assembled, and are allowed to choose a subject, on which a story or poem is to be written. So the stories and poems are prepared, and here they are in succession, under the titles of the "Little Strawberry Girl; The Young Tortoise, a poem; Going From Home; My Grandfather; The Wedding; Dame Goodwin, a poem; The Bird's Nest; Nestling Path, a poem." They are simple, often instructive, easy, and agreeable, accompanied with four engravings, neatly executed; and we cannot doubt that the flushed cheek, and quickened pulse, and eager absorption in their contents, of many little readers, will give the best evidence of delight and approbation with which they are received. These convey, too, a good moral, and may help to improve the children for whom they are designed. We wish them success, and more of the same we hope will not be wanting, as a proof that they have had it.

BERANGER, THE POET.

We copy from an exchange the subjoined brief sketch of the career of the popular French poet just deceased:

"The French poet, Beranger, whose death in Paris is announced by the European papers, was born on the 17th of August, 1780, at Paris, in the house of his grandfather, a poor tailor When nine years old, he went to live with an aunt, a small innkeeper, in the suburbs of Peronne. Here he served as a tavern-boy for five years, and was then apprenticed to a printer. He soon entered the *Institute Patriotique*, a school founded by M. Ballue, upon the system of Rousseau. At the age of seventeen, he was residing at Paris with his father, writing comedy, epic, religious poetry, &c., for the fire. In 1803, he collected all his productions, and sent them to Lucien Bonaparte, accompanied by a letter appealing to his sympathies. The appeal succeeded in procuring for him advice and money. During the years 1805 and 1806, Beranger was assistant editor of the *Annales des Musee*, and in 1809 received an appointment to a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of the University of Paris, with a salary of $240. In 1813 he became a member of the 'Cavean,' a society which required of him an initiation fee of verse. His reception by that body determined his future career; and when his first collection of poems appeared, in 1815, they were already familiar to the public. His second collection, published in 1821, cost him his clerkship and several months imprisonment. A third publication, in 1828, subjected him to a severer imprisonment and a heavy fine. The fine was paid by his friends. In his prison, Beranger wrote with yet more point and severity, and assisted as much as any one to accomplish the successful revolution of 1830. His friends, being now in power, desired to give him some fitting acknowledgment of his services, and offered him titles and offices, but he rejected the spoils of victory, and retired to Tours, where he completed a fourth collection of songs. Louis Philippe showed no greater favor to the free expression of liberal opinions than the elder Bourbons. But, in all his adversity, Beranger was sustained by a cheerful temper and the cultivation of the muse. After the proclamation of the Republic, in 1848, his great popularity secured his return as a member of the Legislative Assembly, but he claimed exemption from the arduous duties of this office, on the ground of old age. Since then, he has lived in Paris, free from the anxieties and vexations of politics. His means of support only sufficed, with the strictest frugality, yet he resisted all the efforts, even of Imperial munificence, to increase his comforts."

DACOTAH.—It is reported that a treaty will be negotiated, during the present summer, with the Yaukton Sioux, for the purchase of the country lying between the Big Sioux and Missouri rivers, and the forty-fifth parallel of latitude. The Philadelphia *North American* says:

"This is the southernmost portion of Dacotah, and is in the same latitude with southern Minnesota, northern Iowa, and Nebraska. The river à Jaques, which flows through the centre of this district, is much larger than the Big Sioux, and twice as long. Its valley will be sought for purposes of settlement as soon as an opportunity shall be afforded. But the greatest benefit to arise from the proposed purchase will be the opening of the valley of the Missouri river. No one acquainted with the peculiar enterprise of the Western pioneers can doubt that this great valley will swarm with adventurers, and towns, and population, before many years shall elapse."

Washington Territory is about to hold an election, and the Republican party there is organized. Mr. Abernethy is the nominee for Delegate to Congress.

"GENERAL MEANNESS."—We fancy that it would never do to imitate the example recorded below, in all the villages in the country. The Yazoo (Miss.) *Sun* of Tuesday says:

"A number of the most respectable citizens of this place, on Saturday evening last, resolved themselves into a committee, who, after due and deliberate consideration, appointed a spokesman to inform Colonel Burwell Wilkes, of Holmes county, that if he did not leave the city before the expiration of two hours, he would be rode upon a rail, and a coat of tar and feathers administered to his precious body. The crime alleged against Mr. Wilkes was 'general meanness.' He made his exit from town within two minutes after he was apprized of the intention of the committee."

Capt. Patten, late commander of the ship Neptune's Car, died at the lunatic hospital, at Boston, on Saturday afternoon. This is the husband of the lady who brought his ship into port while he was confined to his bed by sickness, and for whom a fund is now being raised as a reward for her heroism and devotion.

The Free Labor Movement in Virginia.

From the Guyandotte (Va.) Unionist, July 25.

Public Meeting at Guyandotte.—At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Guyandotte and vicinity, held at the Town Hall according to previous notice, on Tuesday, July 21st, 1857, Mr. A. J. Keenan was appointed President, and Dr. T. C. Buffington, Secretary.

The President explained the object of the meeting, and introduced Hon. Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, President of the Homestead Aid Society, who, in a brief and eminently practical speech, exhibited the object of that society.

Whereupon, on motion, the Chair appointed J. C. Wheeler, S. M. Russell, Esq., and Dr. T. C. Buffington, a committee to draft a preamble and resolutions, expressing the sense of the meeting on the subject discussed in Mr. Thayer's speech.

The committee appointed to prepare a preamble and resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting on the subject discussed in Mr. Thayer's speech, submitted the following:

"Whereas the Legislature of New York has chartered a company that design, as we have been informed by Hon. Eli Thayer, the President of that company, purchasing land in Virginia, and settling the same with intelligent, industrious, and enterprising agriculturists, mechanics, and miners; and whereas a few leading men, influenced as we believe by a wrong conception of the object of this enterprise, have sought to array the citizens of the State against Mr. Thayer and his company, which we, as at present advised, believe to be an act of injustice towards them, calculated to militate against the interest of Western Virginia, and give to citizens of other States an incorrect impression of the opinions of the people of this State on that subject: Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we are in favor of and will encourage every well-founded enterprise that has for its object the cultivation of the wild and uncultivated portions of Western Virginia, the development of our mineral resources, the establishment of manufactories, or anything else that tends in any manner to make us an independent, self-reliant people.

"*Resolved*, That we will welcome to our State the good, law-abiding citizens of any and all the other States of the Union, or the world, who may choose to cast in their lot with us, to aid us in making Western Virginia one of the wealthiest sections in the Union, and raising the Old Dominion, the mother of States and statesmen, to the dignified and commanding commercial position which she once occupied among the States of the Union.

"*Resolved*, That we will defend in the possession of equal rights with ourselves, the peaceable, law-abiding citizens of other States who may settle in our midst, and conform to the laws of the State."

On motion of L. Sedinger, Esq., the above report of the committee was unanimously adopted. On motion of J. W. Hite, Esq., the Secretary was requested to forward a copy of the proceedings of this meeting for insertion in the *Unionist*, the New York *Herald*, and Norfolk *Argus*.

A. J. KEENAN, *President*.
J. C. BUFFINGTON, *Secretary*.

West Indies.

The experiment of Coolie immigration does not appear to be working very well in British Guiana. The *Royal Gazette*, of Demarara announces that the mortality on board the Merchantman, immigrant ship from Calcutta, exceeded anything that had ever occurred in the records of immigration in that colony: 143 died on the voyage; 60 were conveyed to the hospital on their arrival—and of these, five died while being conveyed, and several others had since expired in the hospital. We give the statement of the *Gazette*, accounting for this frightful calamity:

"It appears from the investigation, that the Coolies selected were a set of sickly, emaciated creatures—the refuse of the immigrants collected for the Mauritius and other places; and, when put on board, were more fit to have been sent to a hospital than on a sea voyage. Many died of cholera during the passage down the Hoogbly, and many more of dysentery and diarrhœa before they reached the Cape. Ship fever then broke out with fearful virulence, and the whole ship became a sort of general hospital, in which the sick and the healthy were indiscriminately huddled up together. The arrangements of the ship, made under the orders of the immigration authorities in Calcutta, were injudiciously made. The platforms erected around the ship obstructed the ventilation; the privies, too, were an intolerable nuisance; and the changes which have been made in the dietary tables, by the substitution of better food than the immigrants have been accustomed to, was found productive of injurious effects. These, and several other causes combined, have led to the most severe mortality that has ever occurred on board any immigrant ship coming to this colony. It is but due to the captain and surgeon to say, that they did all they could to prevent the progress of the disease, and to ameliorate the condition of those unfortunate people."

Large numbers of Portuguese from Madeira have heretofore emigrated to British Guiana, and this emigration would appear to be still kept up. The Combined Court—the financial legislature of the colony—has voted the sum of $35,000, for payment of bounty on Portuguese immigrants from Madeira and the Western Islands.

Profits of Dr. Kane's First and Second Narrative.

Messrs. Childs & Peterson, the Philadelphia publishers of Dr. Kane's last book of Arctic explorations, have, as we have before stated, paid the family of the deceased explorer $60,000, or one dollar a copy, as his share of the profits of the publication. It is a little singular, and not at all in keeping with Dr. Kane's sanguine temperament, that during the printing of the work he was troubled at the profuseness of the illustrations and the costliness of the type which his publishers had adopted; and so apprehensive was he of loss, that he offered to sell them his entire interest for $5,000, which proposition they declined. The Doctor's apprehension was founded on the limited profits of the published narrative of his first Arctic explorations, which, as we are told, did not exceed $700. It appears that, in preparing his later work, he had underrated the vast increase of his reputation, and the extent of public interest in his exploits.

Free State Men in Kansas—Their Future Policy.

Much curiosity has been manifested to know what the precise course of policy would be, on the part of the Free State men in Kansas, in the future. We have nowhere seen it so succinctly stated as in the following letter, written from Topeka, upon the evening after Mr. Parrott was nominated as the Free State candidate for Congress. It will be read by all with much interest:

"The line of policy for the future, in favor of which nearly all the speakers expressed themselves informally, is about this: To poll a full vote, both for members of the Legislature and State officers, and for the Topeka Constitution, at the Free State election in August; and afterwards to go into the Territorial election in October, (as Governor Walker has expressly guarantied that that election shall be held under an act of Congress, and not under bogus laws,) and elect the same delegate to Congress, and the same men members of the Territorial Legislature, as are chosen for those positions at the Free State election. It is then expected that the Territorial Legislature will meet, expunge all former bogus enactments, leaving all the sheriffs, judges, and other bogus officers, like Othello, with their 'occupations gone'—memorialize Congress for admission under the Topeka Constitution, and adjourn *sine die*. There will then be no laws in existence except the Topeka laws, and Governor Walker will not probably find his duties very arduous.

"All the speakers expressed a conviction that the moment it should become apparent, through the legally-prescribed means, that an overwhelming majority of the people of Kansas want the Topeka Constitution, and will adhere to no other, the Democratic party will no longer dare to keep her out of the Union.

"Should the Lecompton Convention attempt to force a Constitution upon the people without first submitting it to them to vote upon, a determination was manifested immediately to put the Topeka Government in force, if necessary at the point of the bayonet."

A Kentucky Preacher Dragged Out of the Pulpit.

Cummins, Rockcastle Co., Ky., July 22.—Last Sunday, as the Rev. John G. Fee was preaching at this place, an armed mob forced their way into the church, seized him and two other ministers who were with him, the Rev. J. Richardson and the Rev. J. M. McLean, and, after abusing and insulting them, decided that they should be taken out of the county. Mr. Fee was struck on the head, and considerably injured. On the way out, a distance of about ten miles, every opportunity was improved by the mob to insult and abuse their victims; and they heralded through the neighborhood they passed, that they had three horse-thieves and nigger-thieves that they were going to lynch.

The mob was composed of the lowest class of Kentuckians, and all of them drunk; yet such is the state of public opinion, that it would be useless to prosecute.

The immediate cause of the outrage was the attempt to establish a school there. Schools are regarded as most dangerous and incendiary institutions in this part of Kentucky.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Kansas Free State Ticket.

The next election under the State organization comes off on the first Monday of August. The Free State Convention have nominated the following ticket:

For Member of Congress, Marcus J. Parrott, of Leavenworth; Secretary of State, P. C. Schuyler, of Council City; Auditor of State, G. A. Cutler, of Topeka; Judges of Supreme Court, M. F. Conway, S. N. Latta, of Leavenworth; Reporter of Supreme Court, E. M. Thurston, of Manhattan; Clerk of Supreme Court, A. G. Patrick, of Lawrence.

With the exception of Mr. Parrott, these names are renominations. Mr. Delahay was the candidate of the last Convention. They were all elected *unanimously* at the last State election, but have never had an opportunity of filling their offices.

The New Hall of the House of Representatives and New Senate Chamber.

The new hall of the House will occupy the centre of the south wing of the Capitol, and will be rectangular, one hundred and thirty-nine feet long from east to west, ninety-three feet wide, and about thirty-six feet high. It will be lighted by sky-lights in the ceiling and a glass roof, and at night by large chandeliers suspended between the ceiling and the roof. The Speaker's chair will be situated on the south side of the hall, and the members' seats, three hundred in number, arranged in the semi-circular form fronting it. There will be a continuous gallery on three sides of the hall—the north, east, and west—capable of seating twelve hundred persons, and a separate gallery for reporters, behind the Speaker's chair. The walls of the hall, under the galleries, will contain panels for paintings, and, above, niches for statuary. The hall itself will be nearly surrounded by a corridor, affording convenient communication with the post office, the retiring rooms, and the committee rooms. The public galleries will be entered from a corridor surrounding them in the second story, which will be reached by a splendid stairway. Workmen are employed in preparing the floor for the seats of the members, in putting up the galleries, and in covering the walls with an ornamental finish of cast iron.

The new Senate chamber is situated in the centre of the north wing of the Capitol, and is constructed on a similar plan with that of the hall of the House of Representatives, only smaller, being one hundred and twelve feet long by eighty-two wide. This leaves more room in the building for corridors and other apartments. The Senate retiring room, situated in the north front of the wing, is to be a magnificent apartment. It will be thirty-eight feet in length by twenty-one and a half in height. The ceiling is to be of pure white Italian marble, and is to be supported by polished Corinthian columns and pilasters of the same material, with richly-carved capitals. The walls are to be of the richest Tennessee marble, set with large plate-glass mirrors, and at each end of the room are to be niches filled with statuary. The other rooms on the north and east side of this wing are designed for private reception rooms for the Senators.—*Union.*

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

FURTHER BY THE EUROPA.

The Debate in Parliament on the Persian War—The Submarine Cable—English Steam Squadron for India, &c.

Halifax, July 30.—The files of the Europa contain the following additional news:

ENGLAND.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck moved resolutions condemning the Persian war, and supported his motion in a speech of much bitterness, accusing Lord Palmerston of having, by denuding India of troops for the Persian war, brought about the present state of affairs in India. The debate was very warm, and Mr. Roebuck had many supporters, who, however, declined voting for the resolutions.

Lord Palmerston censured Mr. Roebuck's motives, and reviewed the course of the negotiators with Persia, claiming credit, rather than censure, for the concessions the Government made to facilitate a restoration of peace. He denied there was any connection between the Persian war and the India mutiny.

The resolution was lost by a vote of 38 yeas against 352 nays.

In the House of Lords, Friday, Lord Brougham brought forward a motion for an address to the Queen, to discountenance all measures tending to promote the slave trade, in supporting which, he made a powerful speech.

Lord Clarendon endorsed Lord Brougham's sentiments, saying that if it turned out a renewal of the slave trade, the Government would not hesitate to use her power to stop it.

The address was agreed to.

The House of Commons voted half a million on account of the Persian war, after a spicy debate.

Lord John Russell asked, but failed to get the Government to fix a day for the consideration of the new bill he proposed to introduce, for the admission of Jews into Parliament. He then asked for leave to bring in a bill on the subject, but, after a noisy debate, the House adjourned without action on the subject.

The London *Times*, in an article on the Hon. William L. Marcy's privateering letter, which it calls a bold and comprehensive proposal, expresses regret that England did not close at once with the suggestions therein made. It says, that before a decision could be formed, the Cabinet of Washington became alarmed at the possibility that its offer would be accepted. Mr. Buchanan and Gen. Cass have intimated their disinclination to follow up the discussion, nor is there any reason to hope that so desirable an object will soon become attainable. In the mean time, the laws of war between England and America are wholly unaffected by the convention at Paris.

In the House of Commons, Sir C. Wood gave notice of a motion for a vote of 2,000 more seamen for service in the Indian seas.

Lord Palmerston, in reply to Mr. Griffiths, repeated his objections to the construction of the Suez ship canal, financially, and warned British capitalists to hold themselves aloof from such an undertaking.

Prince Napoleon visited and inspected the U. S. frigate Niagara on the 17th inst., and in return Capt. Hudson was entertained on the Imperial yacht.

The U. S. steam frigate Susquehanna was expected at Liverpool on the 18th or 19th.

A deputation from the Anti-Slavery society presented a memorial to Lord Palmerston on Wednesday, condemning the proposed scheme to obtain negro laborers from Africa for the West Indies. Lord Palmerston said that the Government were alive to the danger of the scheme, and would take care that nothing was done which tended to resuscitate the slave trade. The London *Times* continued its agitation in favor of obtaining free laborers under British surveillance.

The members of the House of Commons in favor of the parliamentary oaths bill were resorting to outside measures to bring about a speedy settlement of the question.

The report that the East India Company were in want of means to carry on the war in India was generally believed improbable, as they have £2,000,000 of exchequer bills in London, a sum amply sufficient for immediate use, and for their financial requirements to be met in India.

The continued tests of the submarine cable, as it is coiled in the ships, are very satisfactory. At Cork, whence the vessels will sail about the first of August, experiments will be made through the entire cable.

Insurance has been effected on the safe laying of the cable, at rates ranging at ten per cent., and upwards, but many stockholders are sanguine enough to prefer their own risks.

The Government intends sending to India a steam squadron of considerable force of artillery by the most rapid conveyance at hand. And in addition to the troops already mentioned, the force appropriated for Chinese operations are all intercepted, and ordered to service in India.

The freedom of the city of London was presented to H. R. H. Prince Frederick William of Prussia, together with a congratulatory address from the corporation, on his approaching marriage with the Princess Royal, on the 13th inst., at Guildhall.

Mr. O'Flaherty bad been unseated for Galway, and the election declared void, on the grounds of bribery and treating by his agents.

If the weather continued favorable, reaping would commence in some of the more forward districts in England the third week of July. The crops promised abundantly.

FRANCE.

The police are active in their researches after the Italians who took part in the late conspiracy. About thirty have been arrested at Marseilles and on the frontiers.

The complete returns of the supplementary election show the election of eleven opposition deputies in all.

The indirect revenue of France for the first six months of the present year show an increase of 26,000,000 francs.

Paris, Friday.—The Government hurried over the funeral of Beranger, which took place at noon to-day, and was undisturbed by any retardable incident. There was a large display of military force and an immense concourse of people.

FROM INDIA.

Correspondence of the London News.

Bombay, June 13.—We have at last been put in possession of somewhat clearer details of the massacre of the Europeans in Delhi. It commenced as early as the 11th of May, when a party of the Third Bengal Cavalry, chiefly composed of those men who were put in irons at Meerut, made their appearance and entered the city by the Calcutta gate. The police were unable or unwilling to arrest their progress, and we cannot at present ascertain whether the number of the mutineers was such as to render resistance on the part of the guards impossible.

The rebels made for the centre of the city, murdering on their way such Europeans as they encountered. Amongst their first victims was Mr. S. Fraser, the Governor General's agent, and Mr. Nixon, chief clerk; these gentlemen were despatched in their own offices. Notice was speedily given to Brigadier General Graves, of the nature and extent of these excesses, and the 54th N. I., with two guns of Teissier's battery, were sent down from cantonments into the town, through the Cashmere gate. On the approach of the mutinous cavalry, (3d B.,) the Sepoys moved from the centre to the sides of the road, withdrawing from their officers, who, being thus left a conspicuous mark to the Meerut rebels, were shot down with pistols. Col. Ripley, who alone had firearms, killed two mutineers before he got his death wound. After this butchery, the cavalry and Sepoys of the 54th fraternized. Then commenced the indiscriminate massacre already described.

In the villages around Delhi are a numerous population of Goojurs, a race of men of the nomad tribes that originally peopled Hindostan. These Goojurs are now partially settled, and live by a rude agriculture, efficient for the merest wants. Their old habits render them partial to wander with flocks and herds, rather than cultivate the soil; their chief occupation is that of cattle-lifting, and they have the courage of marauders and brigands. The news of the massacre at Delhi no sooner spread amongst them, than they flocked to the city, and were soon engaged in plunder, and excesses even of a worse kind. They lined the roads for twenty miles out of Delhi, on the watch for the refugees, some of whom were molested, and would have been robbed, and perhaps murdered, had not decisive measures been adopted.

The rising at Lucknow is also confirmed. It took place on Sunday, the 31st of May, when portions of four native Bengal regiments—the 71st, 48th, and 13th foot, and 7th cavalry—broke out into a riot, and set fire to several bungalows. They were attacked by order of Sir Henry Lawrence, who directed the artillery, and whatever other force was at his command, against them. Brigadier Handscombe and two other officers, melancholy to relate, were killed, and the rebels retreated—in what direction is not stated. Three hundred of the Oude Irregulars, who were making for Delhi, after killing Capt. Hayes, their commanding officer, were intercepted, on the 3d of June, near Allyghur.

As for the remaining details, they are substantially those already given. Lieutenant Willoughby, as has been seen, was not killed by the explosion of the magazine; but where he is now, and whether safe or not, is at present unascertainable.

The Neemuch mutiny is confirmed, but it is a relief to find that the Sepoys spared most of the officers. The 72d Native Infantry, part of the 21st Native Infantry, and the 7th regiment Gwallor Contingent, the 1st Bengal Light Cavalry, and a detachment of artillery, joined the movement, and helped to burn the town and rob the treasure-chest.

Four officers of the First Light Cavalry, and two of the Artillery, were killed. The Europeans fled to Mallagbur, fourteen miles distant; and the mutineers are said to have taken the direction of the Nizam's dominions, where a rising may now be apprehended. The Nizam died not more than three weeks since, and the notorious confusion of affairs in this quarter is not calculated to excite hopes that the Hyderabad Contingent will be proof against mutinous impressions and the hope of plunder.

The Nusseerahad mutineers have taken the road to Agra, and, according to the latest accounts, had passed Kishenghur, ten miles from Ajmere. Their artillery horses were already worn out in the deep and sandy ground, and the Sepoys had forced peasants' bullocks into their service. A good account will doubtless soon be given of this portion of the rebels. They have been joined by a detachment of the 30th Native Infantry, on duty at Jeypore.

Several executions took place at Agra on the 3d and 4th of June. Five men were hung on the first evening, six on the fourth. Some of those who suffered last were proved to be Mrs. Courtney's murderers—one was the private jemadar of the native deputy collector. One of these savages was undaunted to the last; he wished all his brethren good bye, and blessed them all, and told them the Feringhees were taking his life for no fault of his; and he scarcely gave them time to secure the noose properly round his neck, when he jumped off the platform.

At Peshawur, a subahdar and several native officers and privates of the mutinous disarmed troops have been hanged. Had this course been pursued at Meerut, the Delhi massacre would perhaps have been avoided.

P. S. The Goojurs are plundering the country for nearly a hundred miles S. S. E. and S. W. of Delhi. Many of them have been caught, and numbers killed in engagements with scattered detachments.

THE PERSIAN WAR NOT YET ENDED.

From the London Post, July 14.

Our private correspondent in Persia states that a requisition has been made upon General Outram, by the Shah, for a column of troops, to enforce the evacuation of Herat, which is held by his nephew, who, disapproving the terms of the peace, refuses to withdraw from the place. This complication will be very unfortunate at the present juncture. The propriety of acceding to the Shah's request is extremely doubtful, as we would require to embark 7,000 or 8,000 men in an enterprise which would take them 1,000 miles away from their supports, in the midst of a country in which a religious war was being preached against them only four months ago.

THE SPANISH-MEXICAN IMBROGLIO.

Madrid (July 9) Correspondence of the London Times.

The hopes entertained that Senor Lafragua's visit to Madrid might lead to an amicable adjustment of the quarrel between Mexico and Spain are, it is to be feared, at an end. *At a final conference it has been found impossible to reconcile the pretensions of both parties.* The point immediately at issue is that of compensation to the sufferers by the outrages which are the origin of the dispute. Senor Pidal insists on such compensation being at once consented to. Senor Lafragua, denying that this demand is justified by the law of nations or the common principles of justice, declines acceding to it, until the result of the judicial investigation at present going on in his country shall show on whom the blame really rests. As neither party can be induced to stir from his position, all negotiation in Madrid must be considered as terminated, and it is probable that Senor Lafragua will leave Spain without delay, and that Lord Howden will no longer postpone his proposed departure.

Miss Madeline Smith, when acquitted at Edinburgh, went to the house of her parents, and had an interview with her mother. Her father refused to see her, and she then left, as alleged, for a foreign country. The history of the system of domestic and moral training to which this young lady was subject at the hands of her father, as well as the account of the principal cause which led to her fall—reading of light literature—is very instructive.

FOREIGN LITERARY ITEMS.—There is but little new in the English literary world, and good foreign publications in the dog days are as rare as good ones here. Alexander Smith is out in a new work, called City Poems. The *North British Review* will re-appear on August 1, under entirely new management. The recent estimates for the British Museum for the current year include £10,250 for bookbinding, &c., and £2,650 for printing catalogues; 10,434 volumes have been added to the library during the year, (this includes music, maps, and newspapers;) of these, 753 were presented, 4,010 bought, and 5,831 acquired by compulsory donation. The fifth volume of Grimm's German Dictionary, containing "Der" to "Dort," has at last appeared. A cheap edition, in German, of Lewes's Life of Goethe, is announced for publication at Berlin. A compressed translation, in 3 volumes, or adaptation, of Grote's Greece, by Dr. Theodore Fischer, has appeared in Leipsic. The whole of the documents connected with the history of the celebrated Council of Trent are about to be published, from copies in the Vatican Library, by order of the Pope.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writing from Osawkee, under date of July 18th, says:

"An instance of the manner in which justice is dealt out to Free State men in Pro-Slavery districts, occurred at Tecumseh yesterday. Henry Boynton, a Free State man who lives seven miles from that town, is surrounded by Pro-Slavery neighbors, who have attempted to drive him from his claim. One, named Adams, has been especially offensive, and on three several occasions has attempted to shoot Boynton, without any previous assault having been made upon him. Boynton had him arrested, and taken before the United States commissioner at Tecumseh; and although he made out a clear case, the commissioner refused to hold Adams over on any serious charge, but simply placed both parties under $500 bonds to keep the peace. During the trial, Mr. Newsom (the Territorial prosecuting attorney, elected by the bogus Legislature) pronounced Boynton a d——d liar. After its conclusion, Boynton asked an explanation of the language, when he repeated it, and at the same instant struck him upon the head with a bowie knife, inflicting a wound upon the temple from two to three inches long. Boynton, though blinded by the blow, had sufficient strength left to knock Newsom through an open door, into an adjoining office; but he was instantly set upon by the bystanders, including Adams, who had been placed under bonds to keep the peace not five minutes before, and was compelled to flee for his life. He has gone to Lawrence for a few days, as the only place of safety in the vicinity."

A few weeks since, it will be recollected, three slaves escaped from Missouri, into Illinois, but were pursued and overtaken near Nashville, Illinois, by persons who held no writ or process whatever in their hands, but wished to obtain the reward offered of $900. The slaves were summoned to surrender, when they defended themselves, and one of them was killed. The man who shot the slave was acquitted of all blame in the matter, and the negro was buried. The Chicago *Tribune* says:

"The next morning, the grocery rabble carried the corpse out for burial, singing and drumming on the coffin the tune of 'Uncle Ned.' Subsequently, a part of the same crew assisted the kidnapper in exhuming the body, when the head was drawn across the corner of the coffin, and with an axe was dissevered from the corrupting remains, and being placed in a vessel of spirits, was taken to Missouri. The honest German from whose shop the axe was taken, with which to decapitate the dead body, was so horrified at the act, that he refused to receive it again upon the premises. The affair, however, is not yet over with. Our court holds its session next month; we will then see whether the people will suffer such villanies to be perpetrated in their midst with impunity."

FROM MINNESOTA.—*Dubuque, July* 28.—St. Paul, Minnesota, dates to the 16th have reached here. From the Sioux agency the reports are that ten thousand Indians are defying the United States troops, and a renewal of hostilities was unavoidable. The settlers were flying for protection, and Gov. Medary was there, endeavoring to preserve peace. He sustains the action of the superintendent, in the suspension of the payment of annuities until the Sioux nation deliver up the infamous band of murderers who committed so many outrages on the whites. The Sioux refuse to do this, and are trying to bring about a collision with the Government troops. A telegraphic despatch from the Secretary of War, refusing the request of Gov. Medary for arming the volunteers, occasions some excitement, and two hundred men are prepared and determined to march, if needed, for the protection of the frontier.

STORM AT ALBANY.—About noon on the 25th instant a terrific storm visited Albany. State street and all the parallel streets leading to the river were flooded. State street looked like the rapids of Niagara. The torrent tore up the paving stones, and carried away boxes and barrels, whirling them towards the Hudson like so many straws. The storm lasted three-quarters of an hour, entirely suspending business and travel. The stores and cellars on Beaver and State streets, Maiden Lane, Broadway, &c., were flooded, and an immense amount of damage has been done. While the storm was prevailing, a house on Hawk street was struck by lightning, and one man knocked down and severely burned, but it is expected that he will recover.

It appears, by the last census, that the excess of females over males in the State of Massachusetts is 33,056. This excess is partly accounted for by the tendency among the sons of the Bay State to emigrate to other parts of the country, and by the resort of native and foreign females to the factories. In Lowell alone, the excess of females over males is 8,088. One thing is certain—Massachusetts cannot furnish husbands for its marriageable female population; and Lowell, especially, we should think, would be an excellent place for bachelors who wish to get mated. In fourteen cities in Massachusetts, the proportion of females to every 100 males was, in 1855, as follows: In Boston, 108; Lowell, 153; Worcester, 104; Charlestown, 102; Salem, 120; Cambridge, 110; New Bedford, 110; Roxbury, 111; Lawrence, 117; Lynn, 111; Springfield, 112; Newburyport, 123; Chelsea, 110.

Police Sergeant Devoe, who was sent to Paris on official business connected with the extradition of the French financier Parot, returned home in the Ariel. Devoe is one of the principal witnesses against the prisoner, and would have remained in Paris to give his testimony but for the news that Parot had escaped from the custody of his keepers here. As Parot has been rearrested and sent to Paris, it is probable that Devoe will have to return as a witness.

Great efforts are now made in Cuba by the Spanish authorities to enforce the laws for the suppression of the African slave trade. It is probable that the home Government has undertaken to restrain the cupidity of its Cuban officials, and may for a while succeed, unless they should imprudently change their functionaries, including the Captain General, who are now well gorged, and will be content to keep what they have got. It will be a severe blow to the slave-trading interest in New York, which derives a profit of many millions a year from the traffic.

Two men of Rochester, N. Y., undertook to swim against each other on Lake Ontario, on a wager of fifty dollars. They struck out for the Canada shore, sixty miles distant, with a boat accompanying, the first one that gave out to lose. After swimming a few rods, a big wave swamped them both; they shipped a great quantity of water, and had to be taken into the boat, almost senseless, neither party winning.

In North Conway, N. H., last Sunday, one-half of the congregation at church were from Boston. Among them was Rev. Dr. Lothrop, of Brattle street Church, who preached the previous Sabbath, and is expected to preach again before he leaves.

Three large cargoes of oil from the South Pacific are expected at Panama, to be transported over the Panama railroad, and thus avoid the tedious and perilous passage around the boisterous region of Cape Horn.

DEATH OF MRS. JUDGE CAMPBELL.—We regret to learn that this estimable lady, the wife of ex-Postmaster General Campbell, died this morning at Chestnut Hill, after an illness of several months' duration. We sincerely sympathize with the afflicted relatives of Mrs. C. in this sad bereavement. Their loss is irreparable, and a large circle of friends will mourn for one whose varied accomplishments, kind heart, and gentle manners, had won for her the esteem of all whose privilege it was to be numbered among her friends.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Within a very short time, two young ladies have been burnt to death, owing to their light muslin dresses catching fire from a lucifer match—one in London, the other in Colchester. It ought to be generally known that all ladies' light dresses may be made fire-proof at a mere nominal cost, by steeping them, or the linen or cotton used in making them, in a diluted solution of chloride of zinc. We have seen the very finest cambric so prepared held in the flame of a candle, and charred to dust, without the least flame; and we have been informed that since Clara Webster, a dancer, was burnt to death from her clothes catching fire on the stage, the muslin dresses of all the dancers at the best theatres are made fire-proof. Our manufacturers should take the hint.—*Medical Times.*

Horace Greeley, of the New York *Tribune*, and his family, will again sail for Europe in October, to be absent probably for a year. New York editors have a *penchant* for European life. Mr. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, is abroad with his family. Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, has gone to place his wife and children in Paris for a year. The wife of Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, resides permanently in Paris, and, report says, spends one quarter of the great income of that establishment, or not less than $25,000 a year.

It is reported that the Radical (Anti-Banks) Republicans of Massachusetts talk seriously of establishing a new paper in Boston, the *Traveller* not suiting them. The *Bee*, which now supports Banks, is said to be on the point of being transferred to new hands, when it will run up the flag of Gov. Gardner, who is nervously apprehensive that in the new adjustment of parties in Massachusetts he may, at the close of his present term of office, be left standing out in the cold. Henry Wilson's seat in the Senate is the object of his present aspirations, but it is doubtful if his late efforts to make unto himself friends of the mammon of bunkerism, have been so successful as he hoped they might be.—*A. S. Standard.*

The Maryland Democratic State Convention assembled in Baltimore last Thursday, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the respective offices of State to be filled by election during the ensuing fall. For Governor, Col. John C. Groome, of Cecil county, received the nomination by acclamation. For Comptroller of the Treasury, Bradley T. Johnson, of Frederick county, was unanimously chosen. For Lottery Commissioner, the Convention, upon the second ballot, chose Dr. Joshua R. Nelson, of Harford county; and, for Commissioner of the Land Office, the choice of the Convention was Mr. James Murray, of Anne Arundel county, who recieved the nomination on the first ballot.

A plan is said to be on foot for bringing out Robert C. Winthrop as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, in opposition to Banks. The plan contemplates a coalition of the fossil Whigs, the Gardner Know Nothings, and the slave Democracy. The Boston correspondent of the *Times* thus enlightens us in regard to this project:

"The Democrats are in love with the idea, and some of them say that they will contribute half the number of votes necessary to elect the gentleman, if the Know Nothings, Whigs, and so forth, will raise the other half. How Mr. Winthrop himself will look at the plan, we have yet to learn. It will not be very pleasant to him to know that the Democrats did not think of him until they had failed with a still more eminent Whig. They sent a committee to no less a man than the eloquent and accomplished Choate, upon whose shoulders fell the broad mantle of Webster. Mr. Choate received them with his usual urbanity, but declined the doubtful honor which they wished to confer upon him. He said that he could not entertain the proposition on any terms, and that Mr. Banks was sure to be elected."

Humphrey Marshall, the leader of the Know Nothing party in Kentucky, having described it as "a broad and quiet river, that takes its noiseless way through the plain, diffusing fertility and beauty on all sides, and losing itself only in the expanded ocean of the nation's weal," an ex-member retorts by saying that, according to *his* experience, it is like a country road he once travelled, which, at the start, was broad and plain, straight and smooth, promising a pleasant journey and speedy arrival at the desired goal, but soon began to twist around fences and wind through the woods, becoming less distinct at every step, until at last it ended in a rabbit track, and ran into the ground.

THE ALLEGED SLAVER PANCHITA.—The curious and exciting case of the alleged slave barque Panchita, came up at New York on Monday, in the shape of a motion, before Judge Ingraham, in chambers, for an order to discharge from arrest Lieutenant C. D. J. Odevaine and Surgeon Ireland, the British officers who brought the vessel to this port, and who were arrested and held in $15,000 bail, for the alleged illegal seizure. The history of the case is fully set forth in the documents submitted to the court and the legal points of counsel in the case. Judge Ingraham refused to discharge the British officers from custody, and reserves his decision as to the reduction of the amount of bail. The two officers are guests on board the United States receiving ship North Carolina, at the Navy Yard.

An instance of death from sudden grief has just occurred in this city. It is that of a slave woman named Mary Jane, aged about thirty years. She had been the nurse of an interesting infant of Mr. Paulus Thyson, of 7th street, which died on Sunday morning last. As soon as the spirit of the little sufferer had passed away, the faithful nurse sunk into unconsciousness; and thirty hours thereafter, expired, without other apparent cause than the grief that had overpowered her. She belonged to Mr. Thyson, and had been the nurse of all his children. This is but another illustration of the fervor of the affection that so pre-eminently characterizes the African race, especially when educated under the influence of kind and gentle associations.—*Wash. States.*

On the morning of the 15th ult., Wat Eckman, a wealthy man, resident in Hamilton county, was taken ill in the morning, and died, apparently, in the afternoon. The next morning, the body was put into a coffin and driven in a market wagon to a church, where funeral services were performed, and a sermon preached. The services were nearly through, when they were interrupted by sounds and kicks on the inside of the coffin. Great consternation prevailed among the congregation, and a stampede was made for the door. The clergyman came down from his pulpit, ordered the coffin to be opened, which was speedily done, when it was found that the supposed deceased was not only alive and kicking, but was struggling manfully to free himself from his confinement. The blood was freely flowing from his mouth and nose, but in a very few minutes he was able to speak. At last accounts, he was able to walk about his room.

The Key West correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury*, in his letter of the 10th inst., speaking of musquitoes, which, since the last heavy rains, have become very troublesome on the Key, says:

"In the everglades, these pests of Southern life are frightfully abundant. At Fort Dallas they are so plentiful that both officers and men rave; the guard on duty pass their whole time under bars. The sentry is provided with a musquito veil, or rather bag, thrown over the head, and kept from the face by a hoop; woollen clothes, boots, and gauntleted gloves, protect the limbs and body from their murderous attacks. Persons who have not experienced this beauty of Southern life will scarcely believe that horses and cattle are actually bled to death in a single night; and woe be to that soldier or seaman who, by means of liquor, loses command of himself, and falls to the ground, helpless and unprotected. These insatiable vampires will fasten their fangs upon him, and draw from his besotted body what blood remains.

Pennsylvania politics are becoming quite interesting abroad and exciting at home. There is a very general and hearty union of the opposition, (Americans and Republicans,) upon David Wilmot for Governor, and they are making an earnest and hopeful struggle for victory. The loss of Mr. Buchanan's own State, in the first year of his Presidency, would be a severe blow indeed to his party and his administration. Mr. Wilmot, we are glad to see, proposes to canvass the State in person, and he has invited his Democratic opponent, Mr. Packer, to accompany him so far as is practicable, and speak in turn to the same audiences, in defence of their principles.

The accounts in relation to the crops are generally very encouraging from all parts of the country. Cotton and sugar promise remarkably well. The Nashville *Banner* expresses the opinion that 3,500,000 bales of cotton will be grown, which may be worth $170,000,000; and that the sugar crop will be worth $30,000,000, which will begin to come into market in Southern cities in six weeks' time. All other crops being good, the hope expressed of a brisk fall trade and a deferred revulsion is not without foundation.

The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association are to hold their annual fair at St. Louis, during the week commencing September 26. Premiums to the amount of $16,000 have been offered.

The publishers are reaping a harvest by the curious controversy as to the authorship of "Nothing to Wear." Is the dispute all a publisher's trick?

BY TELEGRAPH.

Kentucky and Missouri Elections.

Philadelphia, August 4.—A few scattering returns from Louisville and St. Louis were received late last night, which show American majorities.

In Louisville, Humphrey Marshall is elected to Congress, and Mr. Jones, Treasurer, by 1,100 majority.

In Franklin county, Missouri, there is probably 300 majority for Rollins for Governor.

To all who suffer from *Weakness and Debility*, we say, try the Oxygenated Bitters—a medicine which contains no alcohol, and has cured the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Asthma, and all derangements of the stomach. 23

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

Carefully prepared to Tuesday, August 4, 1857.

Flour, Howard Street	$8.00 @	8.25
Flour, City Mills	8.00 @	8.25
Rye Flour	5.00 @	0.00
Corn Meal	3.75 @	4.25
Wheat, white	1.55 @	1.62
Wheat, red	1.55 @	1.61
Corn, white	86 @	88
Corn, yellow	85 @	87
Rye, Pennsylvania	1.03 @	1.05
Rye, Virginia	80 @	00
Oats, Maryland and Virginia	39 @	45
Oats, Pennsylvania	63 @	65
Clover Seed	7.25 @	8.25
Timothy Seed	3.75 @	4.00
Hay, Timothy	15.00 @	20.00
Hops	7 @	14
Potatoes, Mercer	1.30 @	1.40
Bacon, Shoulders	11¾ @	00
Bacon, Sides	14½ @	00
Bacon, Hams	14½ @	15
Pork, Mess	23.50 @	24.50
Pork, Prime	18.00 @	19.00
Beef, Mess	16.00 @	20.00
Lard, in barrels	14 @	00
Lard, in kegs	16½ @	17
Wool, Unwashed	25 @	27
Wool, Washed	33 @	36
Wool, Pulled	29 @	33
Wool, Fleece, common	34 @	38
Wool, Fleece, fine	47 @	52
Wool, Choice Merino	50 @	55
Butter, Western, in kegs	14 @	15
Butter, Roll	23 @	25
Cheese	12½ @	14
Coffee, Rio	10½ @	11½
Coffee, Java	16½ @	17

NEW YORK MARKET.

Carefully prepared to Tuesday, August 4, 1857.

Flour, State brands	$6.20 @	6.45
Flour, State brands, extra	6.65 @	6.75
Flour, Western	6.50 @	7.35
Flour, Southern	7.40 @	7.70
Rye Flour	4.00 @	5.90
Corn Meal	4.00 @	4.30
Wheat, white	1.85 @	1.90
Wheat, red	1.80 @	0.00
Corn, white	88½ @	90
Corn, yellow	88½ @	90
Rye	1.10 @	1.13
Oats	60 @	64
Clover Seed	11.00 @	12.00
Timothy Seed	3.50 @	3.75
Hay	60 @	70
Hops	9 @	12
Bacon, Shoulders	10½ @	10¾
Bacon, Sides	10 @	00
Bacon, Hams	11½ @	11½
Pork, Mess	24.20 @	24.30
Pork, Prime	19.50 @	00.00
Beef	16.00 @	17.50
Lard, in barrels	14 @	15¼
Lard, in kegs	15 @	15½
Butter, Western	15 @	20
Butter, State	16 @	22
Cheese	6 @	9¾
Coffee, Rio	11½ @	11¾
Coffee, Java	15¾ @	16
Wool, Unwashed	00 @	00
Wool, Washed	45 @	00
Wool, Pulled	33 @	00
Wool, Fleece, common	00 @	00
Wool, Fleece, fine	36 @	52
Iron, Scotch, Pig	31.00 @	00.00
Lime, Rockland	1.10 @	0.00
Lime, common	77 @	00

DYSPEPSIA CURED BY USING THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., *April* 15, 1852.

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I had given up in despair, until you strongly recommended the *Oxygenated Bitters*, and it is with a heart full of gratitude that I now pronounce myself *wholly free from all symptoms of Dyspepsia*. I can eat anything at any time, sleep well, and can now enjoy the balmy air of spring, and look upon nature with a delight that has been a stranger to me for years.

To all who may be suffering from Dyspepsia, I would say, "use the *Oxygenated Bitters*."

WILLIAM PLAISTED.

Dr. PRESTON.

PORTSMOUTH, *April* 15, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: I add my hearty concurrence with the above statement, knowing it to contain nothing but the truth. I never sold any medicine, for Dyspepsia, that has given so universal satisfaction as the *Oxygenated Bitters*.

WILLIAM R. PRESTON,
Druggist and Apothecary.

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

Washington, D. C.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR;
JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME,

BEGINNING JANUARY 1, 1857.

The *National Era* is an uncompromising opponent of Slavery and the Slave Power; an advocate of personal, civil, and religious liberty, without regard to race or creed; a foe to all secret combinations to control the Ballot-Box, whether under the direction of priests or laymen, and to all measures directly or indirectly countenancing proscription on account of birthplace or religion; a friend of Temperance, the Homestead, and all reforms calculated to secure to Labor its just consideration, recompense, and political weight, and to Trade, its Natural Freedom, in virtue of which every man has a right to buy and sell in whatever market he pleases. It believes in the right of individual judgment in all matters, whether of religion or politics, and rejects the dogma of passive obedience and non-resistance in both Church and State; holding that no man who swears to support the Constitution of the United States can deliberately violate his own settled convictions of its meaning, without incurring the guilt of perjury, and that no citizen can obey a human enactment which requires him to commit injustice, without immorality.

It regards Slavery, and the issues involved in it, as forming the great Political Question of the Day; taking the ground, that Slavery, from its necessities, instincts, and habits, is perpetually antagonistic to Freedom and Free Labor, and unchangeably aggressive; that its workings can be counteracted only by a permanent system of measures; and it therefore has supported, and will continue to support, the Republican Party, so long as it shall be true to Freedom, holding itself, however, perfectly independent, at liberty to approve or condemn whatever may accord or conflict with its oft-avowed principles.

It presents weekly a summary of General News and Political Intelligence, keeps a record of the Proceedings of Congress, and is the repository of a large portion of the most important speeches delivered in that body.

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The Republican Party must now perfect its organization, and proceed at once to the task of enlightening the Public Mind. Only in this way can it retain its power in the States which it now controls, and acquire power in the States which have just decided the issue against it. Documents and speeches answer the purposes of a temporary canvass, but permanent effects can be produced best by ever-working agencies. A single tract, read, may be forgotten—a good newspaper, going into a family as a regular visiter, will not be forgotten. It is the continual dropping that wears away stone—the repeated blow that drives the wedge home—importunity that prevails where spasmodic appeals fail. The newspaper devoted to the discussion of fundamental principles, is the constant dropping, the all-prevailing importunity. No other agency can supply its place.

My subscribers have stood by the *Era* handsomely. No paper can boast warmer or more steadfast friends. They have not forgotten that, whatever the claims and merits of other papers, the *Era*, in the face of imminent perils, was the pioneer to Freedom of the Press in this slaveholding District, and has been for ten years the only journal at the seat of the Federal Government, representing the sentiments of the Free States on the great Question of the Country, the only journal through which their loyal representatives in Congress could find voice and vindication. They have not forgotten, nor will they forget, that while papers engaged in the same Cause elsewhere, have strong local interests to rely upon, and the papers printed here, opposed to our Cause, thrive through the patronage of the Federal Government, the *Era* is uniformly proscribed by that Government, and its legal right to official advertisements denied, while, so far from having the support, it is constantly subjected to the opposition, of strong local interests; so that its only dependence is upon those enlightened friends of Freedom, all over the country, who appreciate the necessity of maintaining such a sentinel on the outpost of Freedom.

G. BAILEY.

Washington, D. C., January 1, 1857.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

THE HERO.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

When, in alluring form, Temptation stood,
And made the evil but a seeming good,
Arrayed in robes most fair, to lead astray,
And not with frowning face,
But with bewitching grace;
He then had courage who could calmly turn away,
And walk in Duty's rugged road,
To man's last dread abode,
Not caring though the trifler scorn
His love for Truth, heaven-born.

This is the Hero—he who turns aside
While thus Temptation passes, nor doth hide,
But dares to face this enemy of all;
Nor warrior more brave,
Who fights his home to save,
When standing up in battle at his country's call;
He bears a bright, unsullied name,
His is a noble fame;
Of him may all be justly proud,
And sing his praise aloud.

How many fall, no more to rise on earth!
How many sink, who boast of lofty birth!
They linger near the serpent that doth charm,
When they should flee its power
Before the fatal hour;
Yet still they see no danger—nothing can alarm;
And they draw nearer to their fate,
Until it is too late;
The serpent's charms they cannot fly;
Alas! how soon they die.

And this the Hero: one who leaves his home
To bless mankind—o'er distant lands to roam,
Where darkness reigns, and there's no lamp divine,
No holy, blessed Book,
On which the eye may look,
And read of life immortal till the way doth shine,
Most beauteous and passing bright,
With holy, heavenly light,
To those celestial realms on high,
Beyond the starry sky.

He tells them of this better world above,
Where all is pleasure, peace, and perfect love,
Nor sighs for comforts he has left behind,
And friends so doubly dear,
Who might his moments cheer,
Content if those poor souls the better way can find—
The way that leads to heavenly bliss,
Where all is happiness;
The narrow way that leads to life,
Exempt from care and strife.

His is no sword of blood, men to destroy;
But, armed with Love, he goes to give them joy,
Forgetting self, resigning earthly gain;
Not caring for a name—
Earth's false, alluring fame—
So he can save immortals from eternal pain;
There he yields up his latest breath,
Nor dreads the angel Death;
But soars away, on wings of light,
To land where there's no night.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

From the N. O. Times, July 19.

THE HERO OF NICARAGUA.

There is one peculiar virtue that shines forth in General Walker, and shows him to be the true hero—and that is, the magnanimity with which he bears adverse fortune. Since his return to the United States, he has risen greatly in the esteem of every one, by the steadfast faith he invariably displays in the grandeur of his cause and in its final success. Many had been disposed to look upon the General as a mere soldier of fortune, filled with a spirit of adventure. They were surprised to see a grave, earnest man, with eye so placid that it would not move a nerve in face of death, who had entered on a hazardous expedition only after mature deliberation, and who is working ever to accomplish a given object.

The President of Nicaragua has proved himself to be one of the most distinguished men of his generation. In an age wedded too much to mean and sordid pursuits, he has risked his life in countless battles, and won more victories than any modern soldier. Europe, jealous alike of his prowess and his fame, reviles him as a filibuster—a charge known to be false by any one who has read his New Orleans speech, or his admirable letter to Mr. Buchanan. America should be proud of her gallant son, and exert herself to advance his cause.

The surprise expressed by many, at the personal appearance of General Walker, speaks little for their penetration. They would picture to themselves that a hero of such world-wide fame must be at least six feet in height, and have a huge beard and moustache. The medium size, quiet, smooth-faced, thoughtful man, was in their opinion rather the plain citizen than the warrior. And yet the General is precisely the man moulded for great deeds. The countenance expresses firmness, courage, keen perception, profound thoughtfulness. He looks as one who would arrive slowly at a conclusion; but having reached it, not all the world would cause him to swerve from it. Who doubts for a moment that General Walker will return to Nicaragua? He has said it, and his word is known to be his bond.

Our Government, it is stated, will throw no more obstacles in his way; and when success has crowned his efforts, they will at once recognise him in his true position. This is the least that could be done. If Walker were a native of England, and had revealed an equal warlike spirit there, he would have had fleets at his service, and have received the thanks of Parliament; but the Government at Washington is proverbial for its cautious conduct. It acts as though its chief desire was to gain the approval of Europe, but in this it most signally fails. Its motives are always misconstrued, and it is censured for committing the very offence it most studiously seeks to avoid.

A bright future, we believe, awaits General Walker in Central America, whither he will doubtless soon wend his way. His success in that region should be most ardently desired by every Southern man. All that lies within the power of our citizens to do, to further the cause, should be done right speedily, and with no niggard hand. The wealth poured forth now will be returned ten-fold, when that fine country is wrested from the barbarian. All that General Walker requires, to conquer his foes and the foes of civilization, is the generous support of his countrymen.

MR. BUCHANAN PROMISES TO THROTTLE SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY.

Senator Brown Demands Gov. Walker's Removal.

From the Yazoo Sun of the 7th July.

The speech delivered by Senator Brown on Saturday night last, at the Court House, was an effort that did infinite credit to him as a man and a statesman. It was listened to with marked attention, by one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in that building; and when we say that his hearers were pleased with the matter and manner of his address, we but utter that which none can gainsay.

He announced himself as a candidate for reelection to the United States Senate, and promised, if elected, to bring to the discharge of his duties as a Senator all his talent, with that vigilance and faithfulness commensurate with the importance of the trust committed to his keeping.

During the time he had had the honor, in part, to represent Mississippi in the Senate of the nation, he had striven to play the part of the faithful sentinel; and if he failed in this, he felt conscious that the fault was not so much in his heart as his head.

In regard to his Minnesota speech, of which there has been so much said of late, he had but this to say: he had made the speech, and it was his intention to stand or fall by it. He did not believe that foreigners should be allowed to exercise the right of suffrage in the Territories, and assist in bringing a new State into existence, before they were naturalized. And if any man objected to him on account of that speech, he could do so—he was not going to apologize for giving expression to the opinion that naturalization ought to precede citizenship. He had uttered the very same sentiments in his speech on the California bill, and no person, at that time, thought that he had done anything particularly smart, or said anything particularly clever. The South objected most strenuously to the admission of California into the Union, because aliens, from every climate, and every creed and color, acting under the advice of Gen. Riley, were allowed to assist in framing her Constitution, which excludes the South from her limits; and how any Southerner, any Democrat, could blame him for protesting against such a state of things in Minnesota, he could not divine—it was beyond his comprehension.

From this branch of his subject, the speaker passed to Kansas affairs, and in the discussion of which, Walker's course met with the severest reprobation at his hands. He did not believe that Mr. Buchanan would suffer Walker to retain his place as Governor of that Territory; but if he did, the South would rise up and denounce him as false to the great principles of the Kansas bill, and a traitor to her best interests. He, for one, would do so, and so would every true Southerner. *He had heard it from the President's own lips, that this thing of Squatter Sovereignty was one of the most damnable heresies that was ever broached in this or any other country, and that he (the President) would leave nothing undone to throttle it.* Mr. Buchanan told the speaker this in all sincerity, and he believed him. *He had no doubt but that Walker's appointment would be cancelled.*

In the course of the speaker's remarks, he took occasion to define his position on the Pacific Railroad question. It was an important measure, and he hoped to see it built, but not by the agency of the General Government. He would not vote to appropriate one dollar from the Federal Treasury to this work, as he believed all such appropriations to be unconstitutional, and therefore to be avoided. The road would be built, and that, too, by private enterprise, so soon as the necessities of the country required it, and it would not be constructed sooner than that. If he could, by a mere wave of his hand, bring this enterprise into existence to-morrow, he would not do so, for the reason that the commercial and other necessities of the country do not at present stand in need of it. If asked what kind of assistance was he in favor of seeing extended to the road, he would say, extend it all constitutional aid—give it the contract for carrying the United States mail, for transporting munitions of war and our soldiery; provided, always, that the company would agree to do the same as cheap and as quick as any other rival company. We pay large sums of money annually to certain steamship companies, for carrying the mails, &c., and with equal propriety, remarked the speaker, the Government could make the same kind of a contract with the Pacific Railroad Company. He invoked all friends of this measure to keep it aloof from the political arena—never to mix it up with the politics of the day, as they value the importance of the enterprise, and for obvious reasons. The party in power to-day might favor it, and it would progress, perhaps, with astonishing rapidity; but the party in power to-morrow might oppose it, and it would go down with the same rapidity it went up, under the fostering care of its friends.

After expatiating to some extent upon the propriety of developing external commerce as well as the internal resources of the State, and urging the importance of building up a seaport upon our own Gulf coast, and to this end favoring the construction of the Gulf and Ship Island road, to connect with the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern railroad, he brought his remarks to a close amid great applause.

From the Charleston Mercury, July 20.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRACY.

In strictness of adherence to the genuine and original principles of the Democratic party, founded upon State Rights and a strict construction of the Constitution, we yield to none, and boast to be Democrats among Democrats. These constitute the cardinal doctrines of Democracy proper. And, in following them out, Democracy teaches us that the present condition of the United States all springs from consolidation—the centralizing of all the powers of Government in the hands of the majority at Washington, and the consequent absorption of the reserved rights of the States and minorities of the people confederated together in this Union—not for purposes of agrarian communism of interests, rights, and institutions, under the control of an omnipotent majority, but for certain mutual benefits, and the protection of common interests, with the right to govern themselves, and to regulate their own affairs as each State and people may see fit. Our Democracy further teaches us, that, being the minority section, the South is to be the sufferer under this consolidation of power in the hands of the Northern majority; and that the Union and the General Government are to be used for the wrecking and final subversion of the South, under the combination of the stronger section. In this crisis of affairs, then, we find our Democracy most developed where it is most needed in preserving and securing the rights, interests, and institutions, of the Southern States, against the encroachments of the North, and against the dangers that menace her through the General Government of the Union in their hands. The cardinal feature of our Democracy is now Southern rights. The salvation and established security of the South is the aim and end of our politics—our Democracy.

But there are at the South, Democrats, so called, of another stripe. There are certain politicians who appear neither to comprehend State Rights nor the present perils that beset State Rights of the South. There are some who regard the South as altogether secondary in importance to the Union, and look with more horror at the prospect of its dissolution than at the threatened subversion of the South. These men are of three classes: those who cannot discern the signs of the times, and see not the dangers to their section—those who, dimly perceiving these, yet see with morbid distinctness and greater horror the evils of disunion—and those who neither care nor see aught beside their own interest in the present success of the party to which they belong. The aim of all such Democrats, by whichever of these views influenced, is of course utterly at variance with our own. With them, the paramount object of patriotic desire is the preservation of the Union and the success of the national Union Democracy. For this they are ready to sacrifice the South—if expediency requires it. At this juncture, it is thought expedient to appease the North about Kansas. The National Democratic Administration have thought proper, through Governor Walker, to purchase a temporary truce with the Black Republican party, by taking every step in their power to make Kansas a Northern anti-slave State. It is thought expedient, for the accomplishing of this great party move, to incur the risk of driving off the Southern Rights members of the party, trusting that the present indignation at the treachery may vent itself and die out in the South, having only served to strengthen them in the North; and that the South, ultimately cajoled and browbeat, will again be dragged along in 1860, a willing and enthusiastic victim in praise of the great and powerful National Democracy who have again saved the Union—albeit at the expense of the power and safety of the poor South.

This is the policy and the programme. The danger to its complete success arises only from the Southern Rights Democrats of the South, who possibly, although it is by no means credited, may not tamely acquiesce in this base betrayal of the Southern cause, whether induced by party expediency, or even the preservation of a Union, purchased at the cost of her safety and well-being—a Union worse than worthless at such a price—and might organize a great Southern party and run a candidate of their own in 1860. The National Democracy, therefore, naturally look upon the Southern Rights Democracy as the enemy at present most to be feared. Accordingly, we find the leading organs of the National Democracy chiefly engaged in attempts to disparage Southern Rights men and presses throughout the South—to ridicule their views, heap obloquy upon them for their earnest efforts in behalf of the South, and to denounce them as "ultras," "extremists," and "secessionists," and thus drive them, by bullying them on the one hand, and coaxing them on the other, from the positions they have taken against the dictation and treachery of Walker. It is even intimated that Governor Wise, of Virginia, is to be turned loose upon the denouncers of Walker and this National Democratic treachery. It is thought that his ready and powerful pen, in co-operation with the efforts of party men South, will readily turn the tide, and all will again be well for the Union and the national party for 1860.

We desire, in view of this effort, to call especial attention of our cotemporaries throughout the South to the bold attempt of the Richmond *Enquirer* to play this game against the Southern Rights men of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, and to bluff them off by classing them with the by-gone secessionists, as "ultras" and "extremists," and by placing them in the category with Greeley and the most fanatical and absurd of Abolitionists, equally inimical to the National Democracy and its designs.

We would, at the same time, suggest to the people and convention men of South Carolina the impropriety of attaching the State to a party like this, ready to betray the South for a brief and temporary advantage.

From the New Orleans Creole.

NEW POLITICAL ELEMENTS IN 1860.

We have but little doubt that, notwithstanding all the intense display of feeling, North and South, in regard to Kansas, that this destructive political element will become weak before the next Presidential canvass. Greater difficulties are now looming up in the future, which will severely agitate the nation. We refer to Utah and Central America.

The position of the Government of the Latter Day Saints, with regard to the United States, is one of direst hostility. It is openly and secretly organizing means of resisting the Federal power. Not relying upon its own resources or its distance from the habitable portion of the Union, its emissaries are secretly organizing the Indian tribes in hostility to the Government. The Indians are told that they have been driven by the rapacity of the nation from their possessions, and will again be forced to recede before the advancing tide of white civilization.

Proffers of alliance, offensive and defensive, are said to have been made, and to have been received with much favor. Thus do the Priesthood of Mormondom hope to surround themselves with a cordon of friends, who, if violent measures are attempted, will light up our whole Western frontier with the lurid fire of Indian war.

The whole question of dealing with Utah is surrounded with difficulty. For treason, the Territory may become subject to military occupation, and the rebellious spirits be quelled with violence; but this does not cure the evil. Her social institutions are regarded as a plague-spot by nine-tenths of the people of this nation, and the highest opposition will be manifested whenever her admission into the Union is proposed as an affiliated State. Public attention will soon be directed to the movements in regard to Utah, and the present grand cause of excitement will lose much of its interest.

Central America presents a question of a different character. The intrigues of England, to obtain a controlling influence in that quarter, are unmistakable. She seems determined to have possession of one of the most important transit routes across the Isthmus to the Pacific. The Monroe doctrine is absolutely discarded by English politicians; and while our Cabinet consults and deliberates, and reconsults and redeliberates, illustrating the delays of the Circumlocution Office, England is quietly establishing herself on the Bay Islands, interesting herself in the affairs of Costa Rica, and directing the destinies of Nicaragua. As possessors of Canada and the West Indian Islands, she claims the right to interfere in American affairs, and to extend her power and increase her influence in every manner possible.

We are beginning to be wearied by the tardiness of the Administration in regard to the Central American question. It is time it had marked out a well-defined policy, and had taken decided and well-considered ground in regard to this vexed question. The people begin to exhibit no little feeling on this subject, and it will swell in intensity, until it forces expression in watchwords for parties in the Presidential struggle of 1860.

From the Richmond Examiner.

THE NORTHERN DEMOCRACY—BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

At a time when so many infatuated hot-bloods of the ultra South are conspiring to rend the National Democratic party in twain, and to erect on its ruins a sectional organization, whose only known principle of warfare shall be indiscriminate hostility to everything Northern—at a time when discord reigns supreme, and the dissolution of the great national party of the Union seems so imminent and inevitable—at a time when our most trusted and prominent men are taking counsel of faction and discontent, and fanning flames, which, from their age and position, the country expected that they would help to subdue—it may not be improper to remind the South of what that Northern Democracy, which they are making so much haste to repudiate, have done, in co-operation with the South, on memorable occasions in the past:

"When Florida was an applicant for admission into the Union as a sovereign State, in 1845, with Slavery, the vote on her admission stood thus: In the House, Northern *Democrats*, yeas 58, nays 4. All the members of all the other parties of the North, numbering 37, voted in the negative. In the Senate, *all* the *Northern* Democrats, numbering 12, voted in the affirmative, while *all* the Northern men belonging to other parties, numbering 9, voted against it. But for the votes of these Northern Democrats, Florida would not have been admitted into the Union as a State.

"Take now the question of the annexation of Texas. Who in the North voted for it? who against it? In the House of Representatives, 37 *Northern* Democrats voted for it, and only 3 against it; while *not a single man* from the North of any other party voted for it. All others, numbering 46, voted against it. But for Northern Democratic votes, Texas would not have been annexed.

"Now, let us take the Fugitive Slave Law. On the adoption of this law, the vote stood thus: *Northern* Democrats, yeas 28, nays 14; all others from the North, yeas 3, nays 62. But three Northern voters outside of the Democratic party. Thus, it is clear that the Fugitive Slave Law would never have been passed without the aid of Northern Democrats.

"Let us now consider the Nebraska bill—that most trying and terrific of all measures to the Northern Democracy; that measure, under which courage quailed and virtue was seduced; that measure which, in the North, made apostacy a virtue, and fidelity a crime; which made an Abolitionist an angel, and a Democrat a devil—an ordeal the most fearful of all to which the Northern Democracy have ever been subjected. On this question, how did the vote stand? The *Northern* Democrats who voted for it in the House, were 45; those who voted against it, were 38. *Not one* Northern man of any other party voted for it. They all voted against it, to the number of 54. In the Senate, the Northern Democrats who voted for it, were 14, against it, 4. No Northern Whig or (of course) Abolitionist voted for it."

From the Richmond (Va.) South.

"THE GREAT REBELLION."

Just as we predicted, the alarming insurrection, against which Governor Walker directed eight companies of United States troops, turns out a contemptible humbug. The whole affair was perfectly transparent. It was gotten up—fabricated from the scantiest materials—for the evident purpose of extricating the Governor of Kansas from the unenviable predicament in which his usurpations have involved him. But the attempt, extremely difficult in any contingency, has proved in this instance a wretched failure. The game was played with an audacious effrontery, which showed a supreme contempt of public scrutiny. Even the juggler's sleight was wanting, to insure a momentary deception. Look at it: The Abolitionists of Lawrence, encouraged by the "pacific" policy of Walker, refused to accept the municipal charter conferred by the Territorial Legislature, and enacted one to suit themselves, essentially different in its provisions. They thus placed themselves in direct collision with the constituted authorities, and of course it became the duty of the Governor to enforce the laws. Such an insignificant outbreak, the necessary consequence of Walker's paltering conduct, was the easiest matter in the world to subdue. But Walker did not choose to regard the affair so lightly. Here he thought was a rare chance to reinstate himself in the good graces of the Southern Democracy, by a mock show of alacrity in repressing the insubordination of the Abolitionists. He telegraphed at once to Washington, that civil war had again broken out in Kansas with unprecedented intensity, put forth a proclamation to the citizens of Lawrence, in which their resistance to the law is described as the most "iniquitous rebellion which has ever disgraced any age or country," and stopped Col. Harney's expedition against the Mormons, in order to suppress the dreadful insurrection. His apologists were in ecstacies at this unexpected turn in the tide, and the "terrible rebellion in Kansas" was wrought up in the blackest colors of imagination. How short-lived the joy! The news has scarcely reached Washington, before all is again quiet in the Territory. The most "iniquitous rebellion that ever disgraced any age or country" is quelled with magical rapidity, and the valiant Governor has the satisfaction to report to the War Department, that he has no further use for the United States troops destined for Utah! Thus began and ended the most pitiful farce ever witnessed upon the stage of public events in this country. That "Proclamation" should be embalmed in the archives of the nation, and serve as a model for future imitation. Since the days of William the Testy, Governor of the Ancient Colony of Manhattan, such another document has not issued from mortal pen.

THE NORTHERN PRESS.

From the New York Evening Post, July 22.

GOVERNOR WALKER'S LAST EXPEDIENT.

Gov. Walker, of Kansas, is somewhat embarrassed by the unexpected difficulties of his position. Yielding, at first, like a shrewd politician, as he is, to the necessities of the case, he determined to acquiesce in the formation of a free State, with such grace that he might claim the glory of its introduction to the Union as a part of his electioneering capital. Accordingly, on his arrival in Kansas, he precipitately pledged himself to something like fair dealing, when he, in a public address, said, if the Pro-Slavery Constitutional Convention did not submit their Constitution to the whole body of *bona fide* residents, he would unite with the Topeka men in opposing its adoption.

So long as this proposition only excited the indignation of the fire-eaters, Walker stood to it with some pluck; but when the Washington *Union*, the organ of Mr. Buchanan, alarmed at the turbulence and strength of the anti-Walker demonstrations at the South, gave him but an equivocal support in the official declaration, that not the *bona fide* residents, but only such of them as the spurious Convention, to be held in September next, may choose, should he permitted to vote for or against the State Constitution, his courage failed, and his ingenuity has been tasked for an expedient by which he could again commend himself to Executive favor. To do this, however, he was precluded by his publicly-made promises to the Free State men from taking the oppressive policy prescribed to him by the fire-eaters, of excluding them from a voice in the question of adopting the Constitution. He was fairly committed, so far as that point was concerned, to an impartial administration of the Government confided to him—which means, to every man who knows anything about the politics of Kansas, its admission as a free State.

The attempt, therefore, of Gov. Walker to make capital, by moving the troops of the United States in the vicinity of the Free State city of Lawrence, for the purpose of preventing the citizens from carrying into effect their independent municipal charter, will prove an important shift. It is undoubtedly designed to put himself apparently in a position of enmity to the Free State men, to prevent the excuse for his removal, founded on his alleged infidelity to the slave-extension interest, and thus to spike the guns of his most formidable assailants. But, while he declines to eat his own words, and to back down from his inaugural concessions, his abandoned friends at the South will see through the mask, and will insist only the more strenuously on his decapitation.

This is the sole interpretation of which Gov. Walker's proclamation and belligerent operations against the people of Lawrence are fairly susceptible. He has no prejudice against Slavery extension, but loves political power more; and the only way of retaining political power for his party in Kansas is by acquiescing in its admission as a free State.

With any other interpretation, Gov. Walker's hostile demonstration against a people who have not committed the first overt act of the rebellion he denounces, would be as preposterous as the memorable turn-out of the King, whose

"Forty thousand men
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

It is, in fact, quite as much a campaign against his enemies without as against his enemies within Kansas, and we suspect he will find it about as difficult to subdue the latter as the former of the opposing forces.

From the St. Paul Daily Times, (Rep. organ,) July 16.

As different stories have appeared in the papers here relative to the organization of the Constitutional Convention, we present to the world the following statement of facts, which, though not exactly official, is authorized by a majority of all the members elect to that body:

1. The election having resulted in favor of Republicans, the Democrats threatened that certain Republican members "should never take their seats alive," and that they would "by hook or crook" have the organizing of the Convention.

2. Having assembled at St. Paul, propositions were made to individual Democrats to agree with the Republicans upon an hour for assembling—no definite time having been fixed by law.

3. This overture was not received with favor until near twelve o'clock on Sunday night, when the Democratic members in caucus proposed to meet at twelve o'clock on Monday, 13th, and agreed to sign a paper conjointly with the Republican committee to that effect. Such a paper was prepared and signed promptly by the Republican committee, pursuant to agreement, and then presented to the Democratic committee for their signatures. They quietly pocketed the paper, and sent back a quibbling substitute, agreeing "not to meet until the usual hour," (not the first compromise they have broken.) When the Republicans demanded the "mutual agreement" they had signed, they were informed that it had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

4. Considering this a flagrant breach of faith, and not desiring to put their honor to any further test, or to allow themselves to become again entangled in the meshes of a Democratic plot, the Republican delegates convened at the Council Chamber in the Capitol at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, (the Democratic caucus being still in session at the Fuller House,) and determined to remain in the building until 12 o'clock noon, without organization, unless the Democratic delegates should be in attendance before that time.

5. Meantime a paper was signed, by fifty-six delegates having legal certificates of election, requesting J. W. North, delegate elect from Rice county, to call the Convention to order at as early an hour on Monday as a majority of those members should present themselves at the place of meeting.

6. On Monday morning the Democratic caucus passed a resolution to meet for organizing the Convention at twelve o'clock M., and sent a copy, signed by Judge Sherburne as President, and C. L. Chase (Secretary and acting Governor of the Territory) as Secretary, to the Republican delegates, then in waiting at the Capitol.

7. At precisely seventeen minutes before twelve, by the clock in the Convention Hall, (by which Mayor Becker had pledged himself to be governed,) the Democratic delegates, with a crowd of their friends, rushed into the hall, and Secretary Chase proceeded to the stand, to call the Convention to order. At the moment Mr. Chase stepped into the Speaker's desk, J. W. North called the Convention to order, and almost simultaneously with him the Convention was also bidden to "come to order" by Mr. Chase. Mr. North moved to appoint T. J. Galbraith, of Scott county, President *pro tem.*, put the motion, and it was carried. Pending this, Ex-Governor Gorman had moved that "this Convention adjourn until twelve o'clock M. to-morrow." Mr. Chase immediately put the motion, and declared it carried. The Democratic members—not to exceed forty in number—then withdrew. Meantime Mr. North had called Mr. Galbraith to the chair. The delegates (Republican) remaining in the Convention were fifty-six in number, who then presented their certificates of election, were sworn in, and took their seats as members of the Constitutional Convention. Having a majority of the whole number of delegates, and consequently a quorum, the Convention then proceeded to business. Hon. St. A. D. Balcombe was elected President, and a permanent organization effected.

8. During the next twenty-four hours, it was positively asserted by Democratic delegates that they should, at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, take possession of the hall. Rumors of violence were rife throughout the city, and some resident Democrats, who were opposed to the revolutionary proceedings of the Democratic minority, feared, they said, that there would be bloodshed in their effort to take the hall. In the Democratic caucus at the Capitol, on Tuesday morning, it was urged that they should take the hall occupied by the Convention, "peacefully if they could, but forcibly if necessary." At 11 o'clock, Mr. Chase came to the door, and in the name of the Secretary of the Territory "demanded the hall for the use of the Constitutional Convention." The President informed him that the Convention was already in session in the hall, and that it would not be surrendered to any other body.

At 12 o'clock, the whole of the Democratic delegates came to the door, and reconnoitred. Secretary Chase said to one of his friends, "It's of no use; no man can get possession of that chair." And Judge Sherburne was heard to say, "They will not yield; it is useless for us to attempt." Mr. Gorman stepped inside the door, and, addressing his "brigade" outside, said, "I move this Convention adjourn to the Council Chamber;" which move was passed, and the mover moved off with his Democratic satellites. (What "this Convention" would have done if it had decided not to adjourn, is a question for Jefferson's Manual.)

The seceders then convened in the Council Chamber, and continued by the election of H. H. Sibley, President, and R. F. Houseworth, Secretary. They remained in session about an hour, and adjourned until yesterday noon. At 12 o'clock yesterday they again met, and continued in session precisely fifteen minutes. Major Flandrau moved to adjourn until twelve o'clock M. on Monday next, an interim of five days, which is violative of parliamentary rules. Judge Sherburne doubted their power, or the policy of such an adjournment, and so a compromise was effected, by adjourning until this noon. This anxiety to suspend the sessions of their Convention shows how much faith they have in the revolutionary posture they have assumed. For the three days of the session now past, the Republican majority in Convention (to which Convention the Democratic delegates will of course be admitted on application) has been laboring faithfully to execute the trust imposed by Congress.

From the Philadelphia Morning Times, July 29.

WHY HAVE ALL THE GOVERNORS OF KANSAS FAILED, SINCE REEDER?

They have all, from Shannon down, began their career by the recognition of a gigantic lie—by acknowledging their fealty to a system of things founded in fraud and force. The first thing they do after their appointment is to announce their adherence to the bogus Legislature and the bogus laws. They know that the investigation of the Congressional Committee established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Missourians went over to Kansas, and by fraudulent elections returned men who were in no wise identified with the interests of the Territory, who could not and would not in any wise represent the feelings of its people, but who, upon the contrary, were determined, pledged, aye *sworn*, before their election, to undertake the work of forcing Slavery into Kansas, despite the wishes of the people.

This bogus Legislature is not, then, nor can it he ever regarded by the inhabitants otherwise than as an odious usurpation, a tyranny foisted upon them by armed violence, and now supported and upheld in the insolence of its triumph and power by the bayonets and sabres of the Federal Government. How, then, can they be expected to submit to its enactments? They would be either more or less than men if they did. Neither the besotted Shannon nor the facile Walker, as a citizen of Ohio or Mississippi, if Kentucky or Alabama had imposed such a tyranny upon their respective States, would have ever submitted to it. Nor would they have recognised any laws passed by such legislative bodies. Much less would they have believed that the wrong was to be atoned for, or that the right was about to be restored, by any mere ruler who proclaimed a justification of the whole series of villanies as the initial point of his Government. Hence every Governor of Kansas by such a proclamation has, at the very beginning of his administration, repelled the confidence of the people over whom he is called to rule. Hence every one of them instinctively felt that the wrong was to be glossed over by a set of mean, petty expedients. Walker has, perhaps, been the most fertile in these; but even he has failed, and made a huge mistake.

He tried to avoid, as a part of his system of policy, all appearances of a resort to force, all appeals to arms. But he, too has resorted at last to the use of the very means which caused Geary and Shannon to fail. And we predict that all who use them in this country will fail, and fail miserably, when they undertake to force men, by the use of them, to submission—those who have been reared and educated in a great principle which inspires them with determined opposition to what their rulers ask from them. An armed force may quell a mob in a great city, when that mob has been led into rebellion against existing laws through mere passion, through a desire to plunder, or the incitations of a demagogue like Mayor Wood. But let a hired soldiery, the mere minions of Federal power, who are employed at $10 per month, to be shot at, undertake to put down whole communities of freemen, who are only exercising the God-given right of men to govern themselves, and he who leads them on, under whatever pretext of enforcing the observance of law, will be a marked, a doomed man, not only in the estimation of his countrymen, but will be cursed and execrated by posterity.

Robert J. Walker's administration of affairs in Kansas is then, in its very nature, a failure. It is an attempt to reconcile wrong and right. It is a miserable endeavor to cross-marry eternal right to miserable expediency. It was never done—it cannot be done. All who have tried it, (and there are men foolish enough in every crisis to believe they have the power to do it,) have made themselves illustrious for their over-estimate of their own ability, and conspicuous for their decline into utter contempt.

It seems as if an epidemic for suicide had prevailed among all those who have accepted this post, and that Walker has not escaped it. Where are now his prospects for the Presidency? Where the laurels he was to gather? Where the ovations, celebrations, and triumphal arches, that were to greet his return from his great work of pacification? Echo answers, Where?

Who is to be the next victim in the Democratic party, who will accept this ill-fated post? Who is the next scapegoat for its political sins?

There is but one mode of pacification for Kansas. Let all the errors and wrongs of the past be swept out of existence. Let "bogus Legislatures" and "bogus laws" be utterly obliterated. Let the whole question be again submitted to the people, under fair registration laws, with ample time and notice given, and a fair election, and these troubles will all settle themselves. There will be no more need of Irish Catholic regiments to be encamped against American cities, ready to butcher and pillage.

From the Lawrence Republican.

SUPPOSE WE DO, WHAT THEN?

Suppose we forsake the Free State organization, what policy shall we pursue then? This is a question which it would be well to answer before hauling down the old banner. How do these earnest and ardent gentlemen, who urge this little manœuvre upon us, propose to act then? "Forsake the Free State organization," is the cry; "Down with the Topeka Constitution," is the fierce echo. But the thoughtful man, the man who has the true interests of Kansas at heart, will ask, "What then?"

Perhaps the reply is, "Go in, and take possession of the Territorial Legislature in October." All very well, but *what do you propose to meet the bogus Constitution with, on the floor of Congress, in December?* Do you propose to have no opposing Constitution there? Do you intend to allow the usurpers to say to Congress—"Here, gentlemen, is the Constitution of Kansas; it is the *only* Constitution of Kansas; the little faction that sustained the Topeka Constitution saw the treasonable nature of their course, and, at the suggestion of Governor Walker, and other '*Free State*' friends, dropped it, and we now ask admission under this regular 'Democratic' Constitution?" Suppose you thus leave the bogus Constitution to walk the course alone, and, as a consequence, Congress admits Kansas under that Constitution, tell us what good will your Territorial Legislature do then? How much will your boasted victory amount to?

Before these intensely patriotic, sublimely sagacious, and entirely uninterested gentlemen persuade us to abandon a policy which has heretofore commanded the respect and admiration of the world, they must offer to the people something different from a policy whose only effect seems very likely to be the admission of Kansas as a State under a bogus Pro-Slavery Constitution, the work of usurpers and Border Ruffians.

RAILROADS IN THE FREE AND SLAVE STATES.—The whole length of railroads in operation in the United States is given in a recent publication at 24,290 miles, of which 6,605, or 27 per cent., are in the slave States, and 17,685 miles in the free States. A German geographer was employed to draw a map of the States, on a large scale, to exhibit the extent and the value of the railroad interest in the United States. A friend, who was inspecting the map, suggested that it would be a good theme for a lecture, illustrating the financial and economical value of free labor. "I think," said the savan, "that the map itself is the best lecture. No man can look at this close net-work of roads on one side of the line, and then carry his eye to the broad blank space on the other side, without seeing the difference, beyond the power of words."

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From Hon. CASSIUS M. CLAY:

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From Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, of Ohio:

"It is a manual for the times, calculated to meet the popular demand for information upon the great question of the age.

"The work ought to be read by our people generally, both North and South."

From WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston, Mass:

"I have read with great interest Mr Helper's 'Crisis.' It is full of most important suggestions, showing a keen insight and thorough familiarity with the whole subject of Slavery, and its striking facts are ably put together. The author is not only a bold man, but a brave thinker. From any pen, such a work would be valuable, from a Southerner it is *an event*."

From CHAUNCEY SHAFFER, Esq., of New York:

"Its statistics are indisputable, and its testimonies sure. The sceptre is departing from 'the South,' *because of the institution of Slavery—will she see it?* I believe this book, written by a Southerner, is a greater boon to the slaveholder, if he will read it in the spirit of candor in which it is written, than all that has been said in his behalf in Congress for the last thirteen years."

From Hon. A. OAKEY HALL, District Attorney for New York city:

"I have read 'The Impending Crisis of the South' with high gratification.

"He who can thoroughly arouse the free white voters of the South to vindicate at the polls the true supremacy of white labor for their palmetto or plantation homes, is entitled to high reward from Americans; and, in my judgment, Mr. Helper, the author, has, in his volume, nobly vindicated his claim to so excellent a *name*.

"The entire book is a most excellent exemplification of the Shakspearian motto he has chosen for the volume."

From Hon. JAMES G. BIRNEY:

"Paying more particular attention to the chapter, How Slavery can be Abolished, his arguments, at least many of them, appear to me cogent and unanswerable. I cannot but say that the present posture of affairs gives me stronger expectations than I have had for many years, that Slavery cannot last very long among us.

"I cannot but think that Mr Helper's book will be found a powerful auxiliary in the cause of Freedom."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Extracts from a review of eight columns in the New York Tribune:

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